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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XL. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, December 10, 1903. NO. 50

KILLED ON RAILROAD CROSSING.

John A. Nelson Struck by P., S. & N. Engine at East Street Crossing on Saturday Morning.

THROWN 100 FEET FROM TRACK.

He Died in About Two Hours—Was a Prominent Member of I. O. O. F. and S. B. of A.—Funeral Tuesday.

John A. Nelson was struck by the morning Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern passenger train at the East street crossing, at about 10:30 Saturday and received injuries from which he died at 3 o'clock that afternoon without regaining consciousness.

He was employed as a driver on one of E. W. Jones' drays and was coming up town from the Pennsylvania railroad when the accident happened. Mr. Nelson was sitting on a board on the side of the wagon with his back toward the approaching train and was utterly unconscious of his impending danger until it was too late to save himself.

The train was running at full speed when the engine struck the wagon. It hit the wagon just about where Mr. Nelson was sitting and he was thrown into the air and to a distance of fully one hundred feet from the road. The wagon was carried by the pilot some distance at the side of the road where it was completely demolished.

Several men who were nearby, the train crew and a number of passengers hurried to the spot and the injured man was picked up and placed in the bus, which was but a short distance behind him, and he was removed to the Commercial House, where Doctors Clark and Chadwick gave him all the medical aid possible, but he was beyond human aid. He had two fractures of the skull; a broken back and was otherwise bruised about the head and body, and it is also thought that he was injured internally.

John Lewis, who drives the bus for Mr. Jones, says that Nelson was driving rather fast in order to get some trunks to the 11:30 Kushequa train and that in all probability he did not hear or think of the P., S. & N. train being due until it was out of the question to save himself. He says that he saw the unfortunate man raise up as if attempting to jump just before the wagon was struck, and that, he thinks, was the first intimation Nelson had of his danger.

The train struck the wagon with such force that the evener or doubletree was broken, freeing the horses. Had this not happened in all probability the horses would have been drawn under the train and this would have derailed the coaches which were well filled with passengers, and in that case the accident would have been much worse.

There are many conflicting stories in regard to the smaller details of this terrible accident, but the one given above seems to be the most plausible.

John A. Nelson was born in Halland, Sweden, February 20, 1862, and in 1881 he, with a number of relatives, came to this country and located in Clermont. Since that time the deceased has always worked in and around Smethport. He has been a member of Smethport Lodge I. O. O. F. and also the Encampment for a number of years and always took an active interest in the work. He has passed the chairs of both the Lodge and the Encampment, as well as the chairs of the Scandinavian Brotherhood of America, of which he was an honored member. He was an honest, upright man in all his dealings and this coupled with his pleasant and accommodating disposition made him many friends throughout this section, who will deeply regret his untimely death.

The deceased is survived by an aged father, N. J. Nelson of Olean; three sisters, Mrs. Hilda Anderson and Miss Emma Nelson of Gowanda, N. Y., and Miss Minnie Nelson of Olean, N. Y.; two brothers, A. E. Nelson of Mt. Jewett and Emil Nelson of Straight, who deeply mourn the demise of a loving son and brother.

The remains were removed from the Commercial House to the home of Ed. Larson on Willow street. Monday at 9:30 a. m. a prayer was held at the house, Rev. Olson officiating, and the remains were then taken to Mt. Jewett where funeral services were held in the Swedish Lutheran church at 1 p. m., and the remains were laid at rest in the Mt. Jewett cemetery. Delegations from the I. O. O. F. Lodge and Encampment and the S. B. of A. and a large number of relatives and friends accompanied the remains to Mt. Jewett and attended the funeral.

The Parker "Lucky Curve" is the best fountain pen made because it is always clean, works freely and does not leak in the pocket. Call at McCoy's Drug Store and see the large stock on exhibition.

Death of Melissa A. Biever.

"Into some perfect wondrous service yonder
Within that holy place
Where voiceless in its full transfigured glory
God's servants see His face."

Entered into rest on Saturday, Dec. 5th, at her home on Water street, Melissa A., beloved wife of Henry Biever, in the 49th year of her age.

May 29th, 1878, she was married to Henry Biever. To them were born four children, Jennie, Orra, Margaret and Fred, who survive her.

For many years Mrs. Biever was a conscientious member of the Methodist church. The strong religious faith that had borne her bravely through life sustained her to the end. It would be impossible to make any adequate record of her useful life. She was a woman of rare and unusual qualities, unselfish, generous and patient.

Mrs. Biever gave liberally of her time and talents and took a deep interest in educational matters, being a member of the Smethport Travellers' Club, C. L. S. C., D. A. R. and W. C. T. U. societies. Perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid to her was her ability to make a home. She was a home maker in the true sense of the word. Her earnest Christian character, modesty and consideration for her friends and acquaintances, her ready sympathy and cheering words made her doubly valuable. She will long be missed and mourned.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, Rev. Gaylard H. Patterson officiating, assisted by Rev. J. Heber McCandless. Her remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

"Lord, all pitying, Jesus blest
Grant her Thine eternal rest."

In Memoriam.

Whereas, The Heavenly Father has called to the Eternal Home our dear sister, Mrs. Melissa A. Biever; and

Whereas, While we rejoice over her Exaltation and Coronation, we can but deeply grieve over the heavy loss sustained by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in the removal of a President who was able in thought and gifted in concise, fine expression; who through her large comprehension of mothers' duties and prerogatives, not only presented in her family a rare combination of the highest qualities of motherhood, but through that comprehension was prompted in her estimate of the various noble fields of our Organization to give chief rank to the Department of Mothers' Work; who sought wider and wider grasp of Truth, that through new ministrations she might uplift or enrich others, thus living in lovely illustration of the mighty meaning of our Organization's World-Motto: "For God, and Home, and Every Land;" therefore

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family our tender sympathy, and our earnest prayers that the Divine Comforter may comfort their stricken hearts; further

Resolved, That though we unite in the universal sorrow, we can but rejoice that in this community there has been a Life that was so like the Christ-Life, in its heavenly radiance and its earthly warmth and glow, that the influence of this life will not go out—but in the home, in the organizations in which she held honored place and in the now saddened community, it will shine on and on, to the glory of our Father Who is in Heaven.

COMMITTEE.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. MILLIE A. BIEVER FROM THE SMETHPORT TRAVELERS' CLUB.

Among those who gathered to-day to pay the last sad tribute of respect to Mrs. Millie A. Biever there were present many members of the Travelers Club, of which Mrs. Biever was an honored member.

She has been associated with us in our club for many years and we have long felt the influence of her gentle but forceful life.

Fidelity to duty was the keynote of her character, while her sweet self sacrificing spirit made her beloved by her associates who learned to look to her for those quiet womanly virtues which our Lord commended when he said she "hath chosen the better part." Thus while she was ever eager to learn great truths, she unconsciously taught them.

While we offer to her stricken family all the sympathy of our hearts, and sorrow that she will walk the ways of life with us no more forever, we are still thankful for the good example of her life which all would do well to emulate.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 7, 1903.

Horseshoer and Blacksmith.

Holmes & Gilfillan have secured the services of Mr. Geo. Weismantle, an expert horseshoer with years of experience, and was for 3 years on the Grand Circuit with O. J. Hamlin's well-known string of thoroughbreds, and who was also at the Jewett Stock Farm at East Aurora. Any kind of shoeing left in his charge will receive the most careful attention and you may rest assured that it will prove satisfactory.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

CHAS. LINDEMAN.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

We are indebted to S. G. Curtis for copies of old papers published in this county in "the days of long ago"—one of them dating back to 1839. Mr. O. J. Hamlin has also favored us with a copy of The Elk Advocate, bearing date May 17, 1851, with the names of H. Souther and J. Powell announced as editors. As soon as our space will permit, we will reproduce some of the matter found in these old sheets.

We, the undersigned, respectfully request the citizens of Smethport and vicinity to attend a meeting at the court house next Friday evening, June 10, 1871, at 7½ o'clock, appointed to arrange a program of ceremonies to commemorate the coming Fourth of July. All citizens, without respect to party, are cordially and earnestly invited to attend. A. N. Taylor, Byron D. Hamlin, W. A. Williams, W. S. Brownell, H. L. McCoy, L. Rogers, H. Hamlin, W. J. Milliken, A. B. Armstrong, M. A. Sprague.

Rev. G. T. Dennis of Eldred sends us the particulars of the following sad case of drowning: On Saturday, June 1st, 1871, Charles C. Stanchfield, aged about 14 years, and Johnny Barkas, aged about 10, went to the Allegheny river, near the Knapp Bark landing, for the purpose of going in swimming. One of them proposed to carry the other across the river on his back and the older boy undertook to do so, but after getting near the middle of the stream it is supposed that Johnny became frightened and let go and began to sink, when his companion caught him by the hair and while trying to save him they both sank three or four times, struggling desperately for life and calling loudly for help. There being no one near enough to aid them they sank to the bottom and were found, by raking and diving, within an hour and a quarter from that time.

"Ye local" made a flying visit to the village of Kane the other day and although we saw many things of interest we are compelled to speak of the place and people briefly for want of space and time. From Marvin creek to Kane a new road has recently been built, under the superintendence of D. F. Pattison, and with the exception of a short distance on Howard Hill it is the best and pleasantest road in this county. Along this road many new farms are being cleared up by the industrious Swede and native and a single glance at these farms convinces one that the occupants are just the men to improve and build up the county. Kane is a station on the P. & E. R. R., 95 miles from Erie and 158 miles from Williamsport. It is located on a dividing ridge which extends from northeast to southwest for the distance of some sixty miles, with a breadth varying from five to eight miles and an elevation of 2,006 feet above tide water. The heavy grades of the railway to pass the summit at this point required the establishment of an extensive reservoir of locomotive power, for which ample provision has been made in the erection of the necessary buildings, including round houses and repair shops, by the railway company. The railroad, together with the large manufacture of lumber, giving employment to a large number of men, makes business rife in Kane. The population now numbers about eight hundred. Two hotels, for the accommodation of the public, may be found there—one an eating house at the station, and the other is kept by M. W. Burke in the village proper. Kane has no lack of stores and among them we might mention those of O. D. Coleman, Leonard & Meese and Robert Lafferty as being the most prominent. There are many improvements going on which we had intended to speak of, but we are unable to do so this week.

Mrs. Fair, convicted of shooting Mr. Crittenden in California, has been refused a new trial and sentenced to be hung on the 28th of July.

National Guard of Pa.—The first company raised in Farmers Valley, under the new militia law, was organized at that place on June 24, 1871, and the following officers elected: Captain, W. H. Curtis; First Lieutenant, George Ferris; Second Lieutenant, Herman Young; Orderly Sergeant, E. G. Pelton. This company was filled to the minimum standard on the 12th of May. About one-third of its members served during the rebellion and it should soon become one of the best drilled companies in the county.

J. D. Barnes of Kane sends us the following particulars of the death of Cameron Vaneten, which occurred on Tuesday evening of last week: Vaneten had a bark job about one mile east of Kane and on Tuesday he with two others were in town on a "bender." On his way home, when about one half mile from Kane, it is supposed he was sitting or lying on the track when the local going west came along, killing him instantly. Nothing was known of this horrible affair until the hostler was cleaning out the ashes when he found one of Vaneten's legs in the ash pan. Deceased leaves a wife and family.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Two Fires and a Woman.

The summer home of M. W. Wagner, between Bradford and Limestone, was destroyed by fire last Friday morning. The loss was $14,000 on which there was an insurance of $6,000. At the time of the fire the house was unoccupied and everything pointed to an incendiary fire.

In the granary a woman was found and her horse and dog were in a barn nearby. She was placed under arrest on suspicion. At Limestone she gave her name as Avis Audrey and claimed to be the daughter of a Western nabobman and that she was in search of a lost sister. She stated that she went to the Wagner barn for shelter and that at no time did she venture near the house. The woman's appearance indicated insanity, but an examination resulted in the physicians pronouncing her in full possession of her mental faculties. Subsequently at a hearing before Justice Maloney she was sentenced to 60 days in the Little Valley jail on a charge of vagrancy, but later she proved that she owned property and was released.

On Tuesday a large hay stack on the Wagner farm was discovered to be on fire and as there were seven other stacks containing 800 tons of hay nearby in danger a steamer from Bradford was sent to subdue the flames. The other stacks were saved and the loss is estimated at $1,000.

Suspicion was at once directed to this strange woman, but Avis Audrey is supposed to have been miles away from Limestone on Tuesday and now a man suspect is being closely watched.

Avis Audrey, otherwise known as "Calamity Jane," is a strange and picturesque character. She dresses in man's clothing, is well armed and with her pony she has been traveling around the country for a long time. A barn is her shelter and she helps herself to food for herself and mount. She has been arrested before for setting barns on fire but nothing could be proven against her.

His Neck Broken.

One of the saddest accidents that has ever occurred at the plant of the Kane Window Glass factory and which resulted in the almost instant death of Earl Oliphant happened between eight and nine o'clock last evening.

Mr. Oliphant was employed as a snapper and was working on place No. 16. He has been with the company for some time and was very highly spoken of by all of his associates in the plant. He had not been feeling well for a few days past, but had continued to work. Last evening as he was walking along the foot bench he was taken with a sudden fit of dizziness, and before any of his fellow workmen could realize what had happened, he lurched forward and fell into the swing hole, striking on his head breaking his neck. Willing hands soon had him out of the swing hole, and a telephone message was sent Dr. M. J. Sweeney who hastened over there as soon as possible, but he was too late, as the man breathed his last in about fifteen minutes after the accident occurred. Deceased is survived by his wife and two brothers.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

Killed While Saving His Sweetheart.

Jacob Boozar, aged 24 years, who was a sub-jobber for H. R. Whittaker at Hulls, was killed near Sinnemahoning Monday, by a P. R. R. coal train. His business partner, Tony Zinger, had his right leg taken off and three toes removed from his left foot. The other member of the party, a sister-in-law of Mr. Zinger, and the unfortunate man's sweetheart, escaped injury, but she was nearly frantic with grief at the sudden death of her betrothed. The trio was walking from Sinnemahoning to Driftwood, where the young woman intended to board a train for New York. They were walking along the main track of the P. R. R. They stepped from the track, directly in front of a rapidly moving work train. Mr. Boozar was thrown against some rocks and his skull crushed. His death was the result of his efforts to save the woman he loved, as he threw her from the course of the train before attempting to save himself.

The woman had important business in New York and continued her journey to that city.—Coudersport Enterprise.

Sleighs and Cutters For Sale.

I have a full line of sleighs and cutters for sale and invite you to call and inspect them. I have everything from the finest made to the plain second-hand ones. Prices right and style and workmanship guaranteed. E. T. DAIN.

Smethport, Pa.

Livery and Feed Stable.

"He and she both GOT THE HABIT of going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT yourself and you wont regret it."

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

Men wanted to distribute samples, circulars, tack signs, etc. We have distribution for every locality; good pay; permanent occupation. ATOZ, South Whitley, Ind.

FACTORIES WILL START.

The Camp Saturday Morning and the Smethport Monday.

WILL HELP SMETHPORT'S BUSINESS

The Places are Practically All Full—Many Workers are Arriving in Town.

The cheering news that the two large window glass factories, which have been idle for over six months past, are about to start is real news. The Camp factory will begin making glass right after midnight Friday and the Smethport factory will commence operations at the same hour Monday.

After the long shut down this is most welcome news to Smethport business men. Many have been carrying the workers along during their idleness and others have bought large stocks of goods with the expectation that these industries would be running full blast by the first of October, consequently times have been rather hard in town. The resumption of work in these factories, however, will relieve this strain in a short time and the prospects of a prosperous winter are bright.

Men have been sparred for practically all the places in both factories and many of the workers who have been away during the shut down are returning to this place.

It is understood that the Shingle House factory still refuses to come into the association, but that the association is going on without them. About half of the workers in the Shingle House factory have refused to work there as it is now known as a non-union factory on account of the action taken in this matter. It is also reported that all men who continue to work there will be blacklisted by the newly combined L. A. 300.

Death of Mrs. Hazen.

Mrs. John Hazen died at her home at Ormsby, Pa., at midnight last Thursday, after a prolonged illness of dropsy and consumption. She was aged 42 years and one month.

Miss Martha Mosier was born in Livingston Manor, Delaware county, N. Y., on November 6, 1861. She was united in marriage to John Hazen when quite young and fifteen years ago came with her husband and children to Colegrove where they lived five years and then moved to Smethport where they resided until June last, when they moved to Ormsby.

Mrs. Hazen is survived by her husband, John Hazen, two daughters, Mrs. Thomas McDermott and Miss Lulu Hazen, two sons, Alpheus and Leon Hazen, and a father and four brothers, all of whom live in Livingston Manor, N. Y. She was of a kind and loving disposition and many friends will unite with her immediate family in deeply mourning her demise.

The funeral services were held at the home in Ormsby last Saturday, Rev. P. S. Calyin officiating, and her remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Through Train Service to Philadelphia via the P., S. & N. R. R. to St. Marys, Pa., and the Penna R. R.

P., S. & N. train No. 5 leaves Smethport at 7:24 p. m., arrives at St. Marys at 9:11 p. m.

P. R. R. train No. 4 leaves St. Marys at 9:50 p. m., arrives at Philadelphia at 7:23 a. m. One way fare from Smethport, $10.99.

Train No. 4 is equipped with elegant Pullman cars. Staterooms, sections or berths can be secured by calling on Mr. H. O. Lyon, agent, Smethport, or addressing C. J. Renwick, general passenger agent, St. Marys, Pa.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 5, 1903:

R. D. Brown, Earl Best 2, Miss Jennie Dowigs, Firman Douglass 2.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

"Sleigh Bells," "Sleigh Bells"

If its sleigh bells you're looking for you'll find them here. String bells of all kinds. Graduated string bells with a large bell in the center, graduating on each side to 1 inch on the ends. Shaft bells, top or bottom, in polished nickle or gold plate. Team bells, etc. A large assortment at a low price. Trading stamps given. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All persons owing borough taxes are hereby notified to call and pay the same on or before Dec. 20th, 1903. After that date they will be collected according to law with costs.

R. C. GLEASON, Col.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LINDEMAN.

Our Flag Hauled Down.

A Constantinople dispatch, dated Dec. 8, says: The United States flag over the consulate at Alexandretta, Asiatic Turkey, has been hauled down and Consul Davis has left his post for Beirut, in consequence of a serious diplomatic incident, during which Mr. Davis was insulted and assaulted by the local police. The affair grew out of the arrest of an Armenian, Chamnes Attarian, a naturalized American citizen.

Attarian had been in prison at Aleppo during the past two months, and had just been liberated through the intervention of the American consular agent, on condition of his leaving the country forthwith. Mr. Davis was accompanying Attarian on board a departing steamer, when the police intercepted the party, assaulted and insulted Mr. Davis and, in spite of the resistance of the consul and his attendant cavass, re-arrested Attarian and took him back to prison. Mr. Davis immediately lowered the flag over the consulate and formally broke off relations with the Turkish authorities by quitting Alexandretta, leaving the consulate in charge of the vice consul. A mob of Moslems seized on the occasion to make a hostile demonstration against the consulate and against the Christians generally.

Announcement.

Announcement is made that the New Bradford Theatre of Bradford, Pa., will open on Dec. 14th at 2 p. m. at which time the public will have an opportunity to inspect the house throughout.

The opening attraction will be "The Prince of Pilsen," a musical extravaganza, with their New York scenic production and eighty people in the cast.

"The Prince of Pilsen" will play in the New Bradford Theatre two nights only, Dec. 21st and 22nd.

Prices of admission will be: Box and Loge seats $5.00 each. Orchestra $2.50 each. Balcony $2.00 each. Admission to the gallery $1.50.

Public sale of boxes and seats for the opening nights will begin promptly on evening of 14th at 8 o'clock, at which time choice seats will be sold to the highest bidder.

A charge of 50c for admission will be made, which will be credited to anyone on purchase price of ticket for Dec. 21st and 22nd.

"The Prince of Pilsen" has been secured at a great expense, but the management consider themselves very fortunate in securing so good an attraction, and solicit your liberal patronage.

Equaled by None.

This week's issue of The Illustrated Buffalo Express will be by far the handsomest and most attractive of all the Holiday Numbers ever put out by The Express. This is saying a good deal, but it is all true. There will be sixteen pages of illustrations, four of which will be beautifully printed in colors. Attractive and unique pictures, Christmas stories and all the latest news will combine to make The Illustrated Express of this week an issue which will be sure of a warm welcome in every home. The demand will be so large that you had better order a copy at once from your carrier or newsdealer. You will miss a rare treat if by any chance you do not see this extraordinary Holiday Number.

More About a "Brooklyn."

EDITOR OF THE MINER:

I have noticed in your paper recently some discussion in regard to the so-called Brooklyn Bridge split so often left by the best of bowlers. Permit me to say that the rules of the National Bowling Association for several years have prohibited the scoring of any pins knocked down by a rebounding ball or pin. The shot cannot be made by a regulation ball 17 inches in circumference and the throwing of small balls is dangerous as they hit the pins under the bulge and have a tendency to lift and force them where they are apt to hit the alley boys.

Yours truly,
W. O. HOMAN.

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefitted and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wells'.

Skates, Skates, Skates.

All kinds and sizes. Double runner ones for the little ones, ladies' and men's skates in polished or full nickel plate; racing skates, straps, etc. Skates sharpened while you wait, only 10c.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Richard Koenig is making 38 photographs for 25 cents. Call and see samples and leave orders at R. C. Gleason's studio.

HOW AUNT SAVANNAH SAVED THE DAY

By Margaret M. Page

Copyright, 1905, by Margaret M. Page

AUNT SAVANNAH HAMILTON was by far the most active and energetic negro in Pentonville. Unlike the majority of Florida negroes, who bask in idleness until an empty larder or depleted wardrobe compels them to earn a little money, she was always ready to work. Her husband had been wont to consume a great part of her earnings in drink, but it was commonly reported that during the three years which had elapsed since his death she had accumulated a considerable sum of money. The excellence of her cooking brought her into constant demand when the little town was filled with northern boarders. She was also accounted the best singer in Pentonville.

Although she was fully fifty years of age and exceedingly stout, the combined attractions of good cooking, fine singing and the possession of a bank account would have made her a formidable rival to the young girls of Egypt, the name commonly given to that part of Pentonville occupied by the colored people, had she chosen to enter the matrimonial lists. In fact, she had received several offers of marriage but had rejected all such propositions with intense scorn, saying that one husband was one too many for a sensible woman.

However, it began to be whispered about that since the arrival of Mr. James Pendergast, a tall young mulatto from Georgia, the citadel had been successfully attacked. James possessed a magnificent tenor voice, and when it rang out in "pra'r meetin'" above the other voices Aunt Savannah clasped her hands and rolled her eyes in ecstasy, while her clear soprano was hushed in admiring silence. When James escorted Aunt Savannah home from meeting one evening, Sis Sukey Johnson observed to Creesy, Aunt Savannah's married daughter:

"Fo' de Lawd, Creesy, 'pears like yer ma done got cotch at las' by dat Georgy nucker!"

Aunt Savannah had lived alone in her one room cabin since the death of her husband. Near by stood the cabin in which Creesy lived with her husband and two children. Both of these humble homes were shaded by orange and lemon trees, and in the plots of ground in the rear some cabbages were growing. Between the two houses a rudely constructed henhouse and a chicken yard surrounded by a slat fence seemed to receive more care than either cabins or gardens.

One day soon after the act of gallantry which had caused Sukey Johnson's comment preparations for some great event were being made in Aunt Savannah's cabin. All day she had been cleaning and cooking. As it neared sunset her labors appeared to be completed. The table, covered with a snowy cloth and neatly set, stood in the center of the room. Bouquets of roses, honeysuckles, jasmines and oleanders arranged in cracked cups and pitchers stood in every available spot and filled the room with fragrance. On the hearth, where the fire had burned to a few embers, stood a platter of fried chicken, and the roasted sweet potatoes and corn pone were still covered with the ashes to keep them warm.

Presently Aunt Savannah emerged from behind the curtain which partitioned off the corner used as a bedroom. She was dressed to do credit to the occasion, whatever it might be. A black alpaca skirt and purple glass

HE SENT LOW BEFORE HER.

basque finished at the neck by a broad lace collar, which was fastened by a large gold brooch, and a white apron, crisp and shining with abundant starch, set off to advantage the ample proportions of her figure. Large gold hoops depended from her ears, and an orange silk handkerchief was bound in turban fashion about her head.

As she stood in the doorway shading her eyes with her hand from the level rays of the sun Mr. James Pendergast appeared in sight.

James was also dressed for a great occasion. He wore nankeen trousers, a red and green plaid waistcoat and a blue coat adorned with brass buttons. On his head was a much worn silk hat, and he jauntily carried an orange stick cane. As he approached Aunt Savannah greeted him with a deep courtesy. In acknowledgment he put his cane under his left arm, placed his left hand on his heart and with his right hand lifted his hat and nearly swept the ground with it as he bent low before her.

"Good ebenin', Mr. Pendergas'," said she. "How does yo' fin' yo'se'f dis ebenin'?"

"Po'ly, Miss Hamilton, po'ly. When er man picks oranges all de day long de prickin' ob de thawns en de fragmunce ob de blossoms nuh's him powerful ob de sorrers ob a single life."

"I yearn tell, Mr. Pendergas', as how yo' was engage ter a gal up in Georgy."

"Well, Miss Hamilton, I owns as dere was a sort ob kin' ob fingagemint," said James as he followed Aunt Savannah into the cabin in response to a courtly wave of her hand.

"Hes' yo' hat on de fo' en draw a cheer ter de table, Mr. Pendergas'."

As James seated himself at the table and placed his battered hat carefully

"I'LL SPEAK TER PAHSON DAVIS 'FO' MORNE."

at his feet he beamed appreyingly at the viands which Aunt Savannah hastened to set before him.

"Would yo' kin'ly pernounce de blessin', Mr. Pendergas'?"

With one partly closed eye on the chicken, James hurried through an elaborate blessing, ending with a sonorous "Amen," in which Savannah heartily joined.

"Hab some ob de orange marmalade en he'p yo'se'f ter de guinea jelly, Mr. Pendergas'."

"Tank yo' moe kin'ly, Miss Hamilton. Am dis jelly some ob yo' own pussurin'?"

"Bless de grashus, yes, Mr. Pendergas'. I allus does my own cookin'. My summuck hailed no sorter fancy fo' talkin' in de contrashuns what oder folks musses inter. I 'spec dat Georgy gal's a mighty scrumptious cook, now."

"Dat Georgy gal's needer yere nur dar en ain't ter be mensh'un in de same week wid some folks which p'raps I hadn't orter speak ob 'em."

"I s'pose you'll be bringin' her dose yere bo'fo' long?"

"Nelsh, Miss Hamilton, nelsh. I done make up my min' as how dat gal don't nowayz agree wid my constitushuns."

"What's de matter wid her?"

"Well, fo' one ting, she hab a mos' owdashus hy-tarin' temper. When dat gal gits her mad up de hull wide creashun am bleedze fer stan' out f'um under. En she cyan't sing no more dan one ob dese yere rukky buzzuds. Taint nachel fo' a man what kin sing ter be jine ter sich a onmusikle creetur."

"En, gin dat all, Mr. Pendergas'?" said Savannah as she handed her guest a cup of coffee.

"Well, not adzackly all," he replied, inhaling the aroma of the coffee and then taking a large gulp; "not jes' dat, exackly. It 'll cost me 'leben dollars ter bring dat gal yere. Mighty hack breakin' wuk ter arn 'leben dollars pickin' peaches fo' ter git a gal wid a owdashus temper what sings like a rukkey buzzud when dar am folks elas ter yer ober wid a smilin' face which dey kin sing wid de melojusness ob a song sparrer. De truf am, Miss Hamilton, when I sees some oder folks which p'raps I hadn't orter mensh'un, my feckshuns fo' dat gal am powerful lackin'."

"Fo' de grashus, goodness, Mr. Pendergas', do hab some mo' ob de chicken en smudder yam!"

"Tank yo' moe kindly, Miss Hamilton, but bo'e we proceeds further wid dis social could yo' 'spon ter my perosemunce ob marriage?"

"P'raps I mought, Mr. Pendergas', ef yo'd 'gree fer spen' dat 'leben dollars in fixin' up de shanty."

"Dat I'll moe' sho'ly do, en I'll speak ter Pahson Davis termorrer 'bout hab'in' de obs-squies immejit."

"Mr. Pendergas', I mus' reques' de pos'ponemunce ob de obs-squies entwel I gits myse'f a set ob stove 'leef. I've set my heart on 'em, en couldn't t'ink ob bein' jine nohow widout 'em."

"Miss Hamilton, a woman which kin cook sich chicken en co'n pone as dese yere don't need no leef ter chaw 'em wid, en a mouf which lets such hebenly soun's ob singin' out'n it as yourn does don' need 'em fo' beauty."

"Dar ain no use ob argyfyin' de marter. I'm sot plum flatfooted on habin' dem 'leef. De presence ob de orange blossoms in de hu'r en de ebonice ob de ivories in de mouf don't 'gree ter gedder nowayz permiscous. When yo' han's me dat 'leben dollars fo' ter fix up de shanty en my mouf am likewise sot out wid dem 'leef de percession 'll be ready ter mobe on."

The couple left the cabin and seated themselves under the orange trees, where for two hours they laughed and talked with the light heartedness of children.

A month passed before Aunt Savannah had secured the dental ornaments which she considered so essential to her trousseau. In the meantime James had given her the "leben dollars," which she had expended for furniture.

On an evening in April the elite of Egypt were invited to attend the wedding. By this time the orange blossoms were nearly gone, but enough had been obtained to grace the occasion appropriately, and other flowers were abundant. A bower, beneath which the couple were to be married, had been built under the orange tree in front of Aunt Savannah's cabin. Beside Creesy's cabin stood a table adorned with flowers and loaded with trophies of Savannah's skill in cooking. The space between the cabins was to be devoted to dancing, and the fiddlers were already giving their instruments premonitory twangs, to the great delight of the arriving company. Aunt Savannah and James moved about among their guests, greeting them with gracious and elaborate speeches of welcome.

About the time when the guests began to arrive the train from Jacksonville stopped at the little station, and a young colored woman alighted and looked around. She was tall and thin and wiry, with snapping black eyes and a vixenish expression. Walking up to the baggage agent, she asked him in a high, sharp voice:

"Does yo' know ob de whareabouts ob a genterman which he name am Jim Pendergas'?"

"Yes, I know where he lives, but he won't be at home tonight," said the agent, with a grin.

"Whar am he, den? Dat's what I wants ter know."

"I reckon he's at Aunt Savannah Hamilton's, down in Egypt. He's to be married to her tonight."

"Married!" shrieked the woman. "De owdashus wilyfu! I'll stop dat business right spang off. Yere, yo' young rascal," catching hold of a colored boy who stood looking on with open mouthed interest, "take me to dat place dis minit or yo' knows what am good fo' yo'se'f. Shirt now. Don't gib no sass. Git me dere ter hup under yo' feet whiles yo're gwine." Away they went at a rapid pace, the boy impelled partly by curiosity and partly by fear of the virago who pushed him fiercely by the shoulder.

The guests were all assembled, Parson Davis, book in hand, stood beneath the bower, and Aunt Savannah and James were just taking their places in front of him when a furious woman burst through the crowd, shrieking:

"Whar's dat rapscallion, Jim Pendergas', who done c'ared out on fer his true lub, which he done promus her 'leben dollars ter kim yere en be jine ter him?"

James dropped Savannah's hand and, turning round, cried wildly:

"De Lawd hab mussy on us!"

"Axin' fo' mussy, am yo'? What mussy hab yo' had on me, yo' mizzable, low down, no 'count nigger? Didn't I wuk my fingers ter de bone ter buy yo' dat idenkle suit ob cloes yo' hab

"WHAR'S DAT 'LEBEN DOLLARS YO' DONE PROMUS ME?"

on dis idenkle minit? What's dat 'leben dollars yo' done promis me? Kim along, yo' rascill, befo' I puts yo in jail fo' stealin' ob dem cloes. Dar won't be no weddin' yere ternight."

Before the company could recover from their astonishment she was dragging the luckless Jim away. The young women shrieked with laughter, the young men burst into loud guffaws as they watched the couple depart.

Aunt Savannah was the first to recover, and she at once took the situation into her own hands.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," she cried in a loud, firm voice, "de fust ting dis company better do am ter perceed ter dat table an' eat de supper befo' de chicken fixin's spile. After dat we'll tu'n dis festibal 'casion into a pra'r meetin' fer de kinversh'un ob ourregen'rit fibers which dey don't know der own min's while dey am speakin' ob de words. I'm afeard dey'll be ebenies'in'ly tore by de claws ob a temper which am fa'rly t'arin' up de yeart dis blessed minit. Creesy, yo' step in de shanty en bring out one ob dem new cheers fo' Pahson Davis ter set on. Now, let dem fiddles strike up a marchin' chune whiles we marches ter de table en gits de vittles."

By this masterly stroke the victory was won. After all, the supper and the music and the gayety of the occasion were what the people had come for, and since they were not to be deprived of these they saw no reason why they should change their attitude toward their hostess for so slight a thing as the kidnaping of a bridegroom.

The Heloderm.

The venomous lizard, heloderm, lives in the warm zone between the Cordilleras of Central America and the Pacific ocean. It secretes a poisonous saliva and has the curious habit of thrusting it, as it were, on its back when struck. Its bite is not always so dangerous as popular opinion makes it, and after severe pain it often rapidly heals. Recent observations show that the saliva is sometimes very poisonous and sometimes very inoffensive. The poison acts by coagulating the blood and first increasing, then diminishing the irritability of the nerves.

Annoying.

Layzee—My wife isn't exactly an anarchist, but she annoyed me this morning with one of her incendiary speeches.

Jenks—You don't say so?

Layzee—Yes, she said, "Henry, get up this minute and make the fire."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"The oldest library in the world is that of Nipnur, from which cuneiform tablets antedating Abraham have been taken.

THE BOWIE KNIFE.

TRUE STORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THIS FAMOUS WEAPON.

It Was Made By James Black, a Washington Blacksmith, Who Had a Great Reputation as a Knifemaker.

Here is the true story of the bowie knife and its inventor, James Black. The narrative was written by Dan W. Jones, former governor of Arkansas, and a scion of one of the oldest and most respected families of Arkansas. It was written originally as a chapter of the novel of southwestern pioneer life, "Aaron Clark," written by the late Colonel J. N. Smithee, a veteran journalist of Little Rock, who, weary of life and its ills, sent a bullet crashing through his brain while his fellow townsmen were celebrating the nation's natal day, 1902. Here is ex-Governor Jones' story of the origin of the bowie knife:

James Black was born in a village in the state of New Jersey May 1, 1800. His mother having died when he was quite young, the father married a woman with whom James could not agree. At the early age of eight years he ran away from home and went to Philadelphia, where he was apprenticed to a manufacturer of silver plated ware named Henderson, an act subsequently approved by James' father. At the time of being apprenticed James did not know his age, and judging from his size he was placed in the indenture at eleven years. Some years afterward, upon a visit to his old home after his father's death, he discovered his true age in the family Bible, but did not disclose the fact to his master. Consequently his apprenticeship expired in 1810, when he was only eighteen instead of twenty-one years old.

On returning to Washington he opened a blacksmith shop and soon had all the work he could do. At that time Washington was a frontier settlement, and nearly all the men went armed, the weapon most relied upon being the knife. All kinds of characters went there, the most desperate of desperadoes as well as men of gentle mold, but all understood that each man must look out for himself. Finding the demand for the knives being so great, Black applied himself largely to manufacturing them, and especially to tempering the steel of which they were made. It soon became known that his knives were the best that could be obtained, and his reputation spread far and wide. The shape of the knife was according to the taste of the person ordering it, it being the custom for each man to furnish the pattern, made of wood or pasteboard, of the exact size and shape of the knife wanted. Black's experience as a silver plater during his apprenticeship enabled him to plate his knives, either with silver or gold, when required by the purchaser, which gave them an additional charm and a higher price. It was his rule, after tempering and shaping a knife and before polishing it, to put very hard wood with it, generally an old hickory ax handle which had been used for a long time and had become quite tough and hard. This he would do for a half hour, and then if the knife would not easily shave the hair from his arm he would throw it away. His knives ranged in price from $5 to $50 each, the price varying according to the quantity of gold or silver used in plating, the five dollar knife having no plating at all; but the temper of each was the same, each being submitted to the severe test above mentioned.

About 1833 or 1834, perhaps a little earlier, James Bowie went to Washington and gave Black an order for a knife, furnishing a pattern and desiring it to be made within the following sixty or ninety days, when he would call for it. Black made the knife according to Bowie's pattern. He knew Bowie well and had a high estimation of him as a man of good taste as well as unflinching courage. He had never made a knife which suited his own taste in point of shape and concluded this to be a good opportunity to do so. Consequently, after completing the knife ordered by Bowie he made another and when Bowie returned showed them both to him and explained the difference between them, at the same time giving him his choice at the same price. Bowie promptly selected Black's pattern. Shortly after this Bowie became involved in a difficulty with three desperadoes, who assaulted him with knives. He killed them all with the knife Black had made. After this when any one ordered a knife from Black, instead of furnishing a pattern as formerly, he would order it to be made like Bowie's, which was finally shortened into "make me a bowie knife." Thus this famous weapon acquired its name. Bowie himself was not a mechanic of any kind. He was killed in the Alamo with Davy Crockett, surrounded by dead Mexicans, whom he had killed with that same knife.

Other men made knives in those days, and they are still being made, but no one has made the bowie knife except James Black. Its chiefest value was in its temper. Black undoubtedly possessed the Damascus secret. It came to him mysteriously, and it died in the same way.

He often told me that no one taught him the secret and that it was impossible for him to tell how he acquired it. His appreciation only gave him experience in plating from that secret, not in working in them. Large offers were made to him for the secret, but he refused them all. He was stealthily watched in order that his processes might be discovered, but his reputation for courage was such that no one approached him too closely after being once warned to desist.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

No Danger.

"Although I have granted you this interview," said the pompous man of affairs, "I don't want people to think I'm in the habit of talking for publication."

"They won't," replied the reporter, "when they see these remarks in print."—Exchange.

INGALLS AND SHERMAN.

How the Kansas Senator Waited For Two Years to Get Even.

In the course of his memoirs of departed statesmen Senator Vest tells of a sharp passage between Senator John J. Ingalls and Senator John Sherman. Ingalls had reported from the pensions committee a bill granting a pension to all who had served thirty days in the Federal army. He stated that the bill had been unanimously indorsed by the Republican national convention. He moved an immediate consideration and resumed his seat. "The Democratic senators felt much delicacy in opposing any pensions proposed by the Republicans," says Senator Vest, "and they knew that any opposition on their part would be quoted as evidence of their hostility to Union soldiers. There was profound silence for a moment, and Senator Sherman then addressed the chair, stating that the time had not yet come for service pensions to the soldiers of the last war. He stated that no convention, national or state, had the right to instruct him as to his senatorial duty, and he objected to the present consideration of the bill. The measure went to the calendar and died there, while the crowd of pension attorneys who had originated the scheme formed a sad procession as they filed out of the galleries, uttering fierce anathemas against the Ohio senator."

Senator Vest declares that Ingalls, who never forgot nor forgave, nursed his wrath and two years afterward had his revenge when Sherman appeared before the District of Columbia committee, of which Ingalls was chairman, and advocated an appropriation bill providing for the extension of Fourteenth street to Columbia heights, where Sherman was a large owner of real estate. Senator Sherman in urging the bill said that Washington should be made the most beautiful capital in the world and should have streets, parks and public buildings equal to those of Rome when she was mistress of the world. Ingalls dryly remarked that he had no objection to improving Washington city so as to make it the superior of Rome in every respect, but that he had never heard of a Roman senator asking for an extension of the Appian Way at public expense in order to increase the value of his suburban property."

But after this telling shot the Kansas senator voted for the measure.—Kansas City Journal.

TIME TO HEDGE.

Bookmaker Wouldn't Lend Money, but Gave Good Advice.

Several turfmen were discussing the sharp methods of a certain bookmaker who adds to his income by money lending. He was conceded to be a hard man to deal with.

"But I'll bet $500 that I can borrow $1,000 from him on my personal recognizance," said one.

"Done!" answered the crowd simultaneously, and as he could only stake one bet they pooled against him. Thinking he had a sure thing, he went off with an accompanying committee to see the money lender.

"Mr. Cash" (that wasn't his name), he said, "these gentlemen have bet me $500 that I cannot borrow $1,000 from you. I don't need the money, but you let me have it for a day, and I'll divide the bet with you."

The committee gasped, but the effect of the cool proposition was unlooked for. Instead of jumping at the chance Mr. Cash buttonholed his interlocutor and said:

"Did you make that bet?"

"I did."

"You bet $500 that you could borrow money from me?"

"That's what I did."

"Then," in a whisper, "go and hedge."—New York Press.

HINTS ON DIETETICS.

Unripe fruits should never be partaken of.

Oatmeal is heating, hence a desirable cereal in winter months.

Well cooked rice, arrowroot and boiled milk lead to intestinal irritations.

Pickles, except when eaten with meat and oily foods, are positively unwholesome.

Strong coffee, taken without cream, is refreshing to the nerves and stimulating to the brain.

Sweet things and rare meat conduce to make gouty acid in the blood of those predisposed to rheumatism.

Toast and tea form an invalid diet which is far from ideal. There is tannic acid in the tea and but little nutriment in the toast.

Food values differ according to individual constitutions. According to the old saw, "What's one man's meat is another man's poison."

Gastronomic experiments should be made with extreme caution. Nothing is of greater importance than to partake of those foods which best equip the body for life's work.

Unexpected.

This story of a young man who found something better than the solitude of melancholy thoughts by the sad sea waves is given as a fact. While enjoying merry Margate he made the acquaintance of a young lady to whom he paid many attentions. Matters progressed with such seriousness and rapidity that the young man when he came back to town immediately made bold to present himself to the young lady's father to ask his consent and blessing on their marriage. It was then that he found himself face to face with his tailory to whom he owed long arrears of unpaid bills.—London Answers.

His Incompleteness.

Green—Do you mean to say that Miss Belcher said I had no head on me?

Gray—Well, if she didn't say that in so many words she said substantially the same thing. She told Daisy Brown you were all heart.—Boston Transcript.

If you make it the object of your life to make yourself useful and others happy, you will never ask yourself the question, Is life worth living?—Maxwell's Talisman.

Professional Cards.

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Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

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Office over D. C. Young's store.
Bell 'phone at house and store.
Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-8 p. m.

Hotels.

Kane Central Hotel,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Hotel Imperial,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the deliacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

The Fleming Hotel,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

Sartwell House,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, Proprietor.

Chadwick House,
D. R. McDonald, Proprietor.
Land Plan's,
First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Ba
Reason es,

Commercial House,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Bayer House,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

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WE DIDN'T BUY

a large assortment of

CUT GLASS,
JAPANESE, FRENCH
and GERMAN CHINA,
SILVERWARE,
BRIC-A-BRAC and
USEFUL HOUSEHOLD GIFTS

for Christmas, but what we did buy are of the finest and latest patterns. No old stock carried over. Come in now and take your pick before they are sorted over.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See Guy Brothers Minstrels at the Lyceum tonight.

—The Catholic fair held at Galeton recently cleared $1230.

—Bell Brothers, Olean, devote their space this week to Christmas gifts.

—Smethport young people have been enjoying skating for the past week.

—A Christmas sale will be held in the parlors of the Baptist church on Friday, Dec. 18.

—H. W. Rubin advertises many useful articles of clothing for holiday gifts in this issue.

—J. Colegrove offers a Morris chair free. Full particulars in his advertisement in this issue.

—The prospects for the winter term of the Clarion State Normal school are excellent. Term begins Jan. 4.

—A house belonging to F. E. Baldwin in Austin and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Myers was destroyed by fire on Tuesday of last week. Both carried insurance.

—"Trading Stamps" is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. "The Vision of Isaiah and its influence upon his Work as Statesman and Reformer," is the morning subject.

—Shoes are advertised by Backus & Backus of Olean this week. They have a fine new stock and can please you. Special attention is given to mail orders. A postal card will bring you what you wish in the line of shoes.

—Miss Ethel Tull has secured a good position with Prothonotary S. F. Bell and Miss E. M. Green has secured a position as bookkeeper for Green Bros. They are both graduates of Warner's Business College at Bradford.

—Geo. Weisemantle, who has been foreman of the Dick blacksmith shop for a long time, has resigned and will move to Smethport, where he will work for Holmes & Gilfillan. He is an artist in his line and will give satisfaction in the new position. He has resided in A. C. Coleman's house on Mill street.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Attorneys James George and Daniel W. Healey, in behalf of Mr. and Mrs. John Hinchey of School street, have instituted proceedings against the Bradford Electric Street Railway company for damages in the sum of $10,000 for the death of their son, John Leonard Hinchey. The boy was killed recently by a street car on School street. The officials of the trolley company were served with papers yesterday by the plaintiffs in the case.—Bradford Era.

Why She Was "Thankful."

A camp meeting was in progress in the wire grass region of Georgia. The afternoon service was conducted by Uncle Mose Bradford, an exhorter of deep piety, but entirely innocent of book learning. He took for his text on this occasion the words of St. Paul, "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

After talking about fifteen minutes on the beauty of contentment from a Christian's point of view he suddenly announced that he was going to "throw the meeting open." His invitation was, "If you've got anything to be thankful for git up and say so."

One after another rose and spoke of peace and contentment under circumstances that seemed impossible, judged from a worldly standpoint. Some said they were thankful for things they had missed, and at last an old lady arose, pushed back her sunbonnet and with a beaming countenance triumphantly exclaimed, "Well, Brother Mose, I hain't got but two teeth; but, thank God, they hit!"—Lippincott's.

The Vault of St. Michan's.

The most interesting place of pilgrimage in Dublin is St. Michan's church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah." In the graveyard is the last resting place of Robert Emmet, and the vault of St. Michan's provides a more grewsome thrill than the morgue. The sexton lifts an iron door and descends a few ride steps, carrying a light, without which the place would be pitch dark. You follow, and find yourself in a narrow passage, from which cell-like recesses belonging to different families branch off. Whether it is owing to the extreme dryness of the surroundings or to some mysterious property of the place, the process of decay has been arrested, and the features of persons dead for two centuries may be recognized from authentic portraits. Perhaps the strangest thing about the vault is the fact that, apart from the weird sensation, there is nothing offensive in the surroundings.—London Tatler.

A Thrifty Bride.

"It's a pity," said the man in the rough brown suit, "that Johnson married at the very beginning of his business career. I am afraid that young wife of his, with her love for pretty clothes, will be a millstone around his neck."

"Don't you believe it. She'll make him president of a bank one of these days," said the man in the new derby, who had been spending the week end at the small suburban home of the aforementioned Johnson. "Every towel and napkin I saw in the house had the name of some hotel stamped on it, and so did the spoons, by Jove! She had gathered them up on their wedding journey."—New York Press.

"He and she both GOT THE HABIT of going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT YOUR-SELF and you won't regret it."

Afternoon Tea.

"High tea" is said to be of American origin. The earliest mention of it, according to Dr. Murray, goes no further back than 1856. In fact, tea as an afternoon meal is not much older. It is thought to have originated in 1837 in the house of Mme. de Circourt, a Russian lady, whose salon in Paris was at that time much frequented by the most intellectual society of the day. The fashionable dinner hours were then getting late, and she introduced a 4 o'clock light meal, at which tea was served. Fanny Kemble in "Records of a Girlhood" attributes the introduction of the afternoon meal into this country to the then Duchess of Bedford. Fanny Kemble paid a visit to Belvoir castle in March, 1842, and she relates how a mysterious invitation was received to the duchess' private rooms, where she found a small group of friends partaking of tea in a private and rather shamefaced way, and dates the 5 o'clock meal from this time. But it was several years later that the practice became general.—London Chronicle.

Drivers Who Throw Their Horses.

"There ought to be a license system or some scheme to prevent such a fellow driving a horse," declared a lover of horses as a heavy truck horse fell in Broadway the other day. "That ignorant blockhead made that horse fall. He tipped the animal so quickly that he simply threw it off its feet. Now, several score of trucks will be blocked until the horse gets on its feet, and then the driver will take it out of the poor animal's mouth, jerking at the bit or bridle it.

"A man wouldn't trust an automobile to a fellow who didn't know how to run the machine, and the law would not allow him to, but he will trust his horse to a boy who hasn't the first idea of handling a horse. Half the drivers of trucks and delivery wagons need some elementary lessons in how to drive, and most of the accidents on the streets are due to their ignorance and stupidity."—New York Press.

Generous Utah Woman.

A woman doctor went to Utah to practice. She was a pleasing lady as well as skilful, and her patients grew very fond of her. "How I wish," one of them said, "that I could bring you to our religion! If you would only marry my husband and come to live with us!"

The doctor died in honor of her friend to whom she told the story. The sad poet began to revive and felt confused, seeing how the eyes of her listener blazed.

"I don't wonder you feel as you do," replied the friend indignantly. "It is ideal. Why, that Mr. —— is perfectly horrid. What you want to do is to marry my husband and come and live with us."—Plattsburg (N. Y.) Tribune.

The First Ice Cream.

A French chef, who prepared the dish for the Duc de Chartres in 1774, is said to have made the first ice cream. Lord Bacon was aware of the process of congelation by means of snow and salt, but to him it was a scientific fact of greater or less interest, and he had no idea of the delightful possibilities of this process on various eatables.

Iced drinks and water ices were known to the Parisian epicures a century and a half earlier, the delicacies having probably come from the Levant by the hand of some traveler who had tasted sherbet. The English knew or cared nothing for such artificial refreshment till the present century. Even now they do not regard the "iced pudding" with especial favor.

Appropriate.

One day while his apparatus for deep sea soundings by means of steel pianoforte wire was being constructed Lord Kelvin entered Mr. White's shop in Glasgow along with the great Dr. Joule, celebrated for his determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat. Joule's attention was called to a bundle of the pianoforte wire lying in the shop, and Thomson explained that he intended it for "sounding purposes." "What note?" innocently inquired Joule and was promptly answered, "The deep C."

The House of Crony.

In France the family of Crony Chanel boasts of descent in direct line from Adam's third son, Seth. They say at the time of the deluge Noah took their family title deeds into the ark. At their chateau may be seen a picture of that event, wherein one of the drowning men waves a scroll above his head on which is inscribed, "Save the title deeds of the house of Crony."

Throat Trouble.

"You look bad, old man. What's the matter?"

"Throat trouble."

"I didn't know you were subject to it."

"Yes, I am. This throat belongs to the newcomer in the next house, who practices singing at all hours of the night."

The Struggle.

An athlete is not made in an hour, and the giant oak is only a specimen of endurance after its hardy conflict with the elements. So it is with the character of a man and of a woman. It is the struggle of the years that makes the heart heroic.—Schoolmaster.

Her Bread.

Walter—Have you ever made bread before, Marie?

Marie—Oh, yes; I used to make it for my father until his doctor made me stop.

"It"

Is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE CEREAL FOOD CO., LA ROY, N. Y.

The Soldier Ant.

The lion is the king of beasts, but all of his magnificent strength and ferocity would avail him nothing when he faced a mere ant. But this ant is not the usual kind which peacefully goes about its domestic duties day by day. It is the terrible driver or soldier ant, said to be the most invincible creature in the world.

Against these tiny enemies no man or band of men, no lion or tiger nor even a herd of elephants, can do anything but hurriedly get out of the way. Among the Barotse natives a favorite form of capital punishment is to coat the victim with grease and throw him before the advancing army of soldier ants. The quickness with which the poor wretch is dispatched is marvelous when it is considered that each ant can do nothing more than merely tear out a small particle of flesh and carry it off. Yet in a surprisingly short time the writhing victim will have been changed into a skeleton.

Waiting For the Note.

An English churchman tells the following: "At one of our cathedrals the minor canon was ill and could not sing. A suffragan bishop had a good voice and volunteered to sing the litany. 'Go,' he said to the verger, 'and tell the organist that I will sing the litany and ask him to give me the reciting note.' 'Please, sir,' said the verger to the organist, 'the bishop has sent me to you to say he will sing the litany.' 'All right,' said the organist. Seeing the verger remain he said, 'You need not stay.' 'Please, sir, the bishop asked me to ask you if you would give him a something. I didn't quite catch—note.' 'You mean the reciting note.' 'That's it, sir; that's it.' Seeing the verger still remaining, he said, 'You need not stay.' To which the verger said, 'Please, sir, shall I take it to his lordship?'"

A Japanese Wedding.

A Japanese wedding is a quaintly pretty ceremony. The bride, dressed in a white silk kimono and white veil, sits on the floor facing her affianced husband. Near them are two tables, upon one of which are two cups, a bottle of sake and a kettle with two spouts. On the other are a miniature plum tree, typifying the beauty of the bride; a miniature fir tree, representing the strength of the bridegroom, and a stork stands on a tortoise, signifying long life and felicity. The bride and bridegroom drink alternately from the two-spouted kettle in token that they will henceforth share each other's joys and sorrows. After the wedding the bride's veil is laid away to be used as her shroud when she dies.

Her Husband Was Not In.

"Husband in?" asked the gas collector cheerfully.

"No," answered the woman, "he isn't at home."

"Expecting him soon?" asked the collector.

"Well," the woman replied thoughtfully, "I don't know exactly. I've been lookin' for him seventeen years, and he hasn't turned up yet. You travel about a good deal, and if you see a man who looks as though he'd make me a pretty good husband tell him I'm still awaitin' and send him along."

FREE!

We are going to give a fine Morris Chair away to purchasers of our Coffee. This chair cannot be bought at any furniture store for less than $10.00. Come in and ask particulars and get to using the coffee and get this handsome chair free.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

A CHRISTMAS OFFER.

I will enlarge a picture in Crayon or Sepia Work for only $3.00 with a good, suitable frame half a dozen different kinds of frames to select from.

Remember such a chance on first class and guaranteed work only comes once in a life time. Small pictures returned with the Portraits.

PLEASE READ THIS.

SMETHPORT, PA., Nov. 18, 1902.

To Whom it may Concern:

I certify that Mr. Chas. Mesler of Smethport, Pa., did some portrait work for me and that it was well executed and satisfactory.

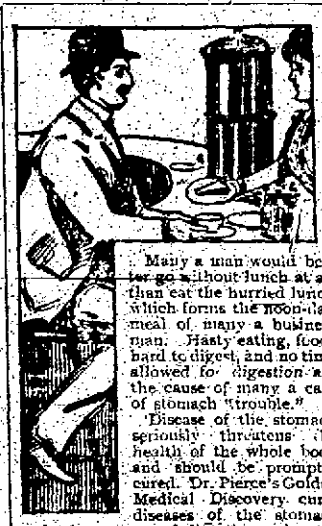
THOMAS A. MORRISON.

Now don't forget the place and this offer is only good until Christmas.

Studio at residence.

CHAS. C. MESLER,

CORNER GREEN AND FIRE STS.



Many a man would better go without lunch at all than eat the hurried lunch which forms the noon-day meal of many a business man. Hasty eating, foods hard to digest, and no time allowed for digestion are the cause of many a case of stomach trouble.

Disease of the stomach seriously threatens the health of the whole body and should be promptly cured. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect assimilation of food and the proper nutrition of the body on which physical strength depends.

"Nine or ten years ago my health became very poor, and in fact was so far gone that good doctors pronounced my case the worst they had ever treated," writes Mr. Harvey Phipps, of Florence, Ala. "I had acute stomach trouble, liver complaint, catarrh and was nervous to such an extent I could not sleep. I finally got three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and some 'Pellets.' Took them according to directions on the bottles, and in a few days noticed a decided improvement. I commenced to get more rest at night and could eat with pleasure, where formerly food was like chips to me. When I had used three bottles of the 'Discovery' I was a new man; could eat mince pie for supper, go to bed at seven P. M. and sleep until seven A. M. I am now working at my trade (carpentry), every day in all kinds of weather, and think if I had not taken your medicines I would now be under the sod."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged system from accumulated impurities.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Mail orders given prompt attention

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

FOR

Men, Women and Children

All Sizes, Styles and Prices.

Now for Your Xmas Orders.

BACKUS & BACKUS,

319 W. State St.,

OLEAN, N. Y.

Mail orders given prompt attention

Mail orders given prompt attention

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's LINE OF BREAD, PIES, etc., are the BEST

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1903.

Announcement.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

W. P. BECKWITH.

Ormsby, Pa., Nov. 4, 1903.

THE First National Bank of Allegheny Pa., which closed its doors several weeks ago, resumed business on Monday. The bank proved to be solvent and the capital is not impaired.

THE Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson, says that when the time comes for the Republican national convention, President Roosevelt will not have any opposition. He is further credited with saying: "The eastern papers are having more of less to say about Senator Hanna having his eyes fixed on the presidency. I positively know such to be an untruth. He is not, nor will he be, a candidate for the nomination. He is perfectly sincere in his position. I firmly believe Senator Hanna is quite satisfied in having President Roosevelt follow up the plans Mr. McKinley had mapped out for his own administration."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec 7, 1903.

The Panama canal treaty, ratified unanimously and without amendment by the Junta and the ministry, has been officially delivered to United States Consul-General Gudger. He will forward it to Washington, probably in an American warship, and President Roosevelt will lose no time in sending it to the Senate. It is expected here in about ten days, so the Senate will be able to consider it immediately after a vote is taken on the Cuban bill. Senator Cullom, chairman of the committee on foreign relations, expects opposition to the treaty, but he feels certain that it will be ratified by the required two-thirds majority. Its provisions are so advantageous to the United States and the sentiment throughout the country is so strong for a canal that few of the Democratic Senators will care to delay its ratification.

General Reyes, the Columbian commissioner, and Dr. Herran, the charge d'affaires, took luncheon with Secretary Hay and discussed affairs in Columbia and on the isthmus. General Reyes outlined in general the position of his government, but as he is waiting for explicit instructions he cannot submit any definite proposals. It is thought that he will be permitted to recognize the definite separation of Columbia and Panama and negotiate for some kind of compensation for Columbia. This is, of course, the only way in which he can accomplish anything by his mission. Panama is now an independent state and the day that the present treaty is ratified by the Senate, this government guarantees this independence, even against Columbia.

Senator Foraker, who is chairman of the committee on Pacific islands and Porto Rico, and one of the firmest supporters of President Roosevelt, declares that he does not intend to abandon the Lodge bill, reducing the tariff on imports from the Philippines. This bill is favored by many Republicans who do not wish to start a tariff discussion before the Presidential election. Senator Foraker says: "Why should the Republican party be afraid to discuss the tariff at any time? If there is any policy of legislation with which the Republican party is identified, and identified, too, to the satisfaction of the American people, if election returns can be taken as an indication it is the tariff.

"Let them talk tariff if they want to. What have we to be concerned about? We admit that some schedules in the Dingley tariff act, framed in 1897, may not be altogether satisfactory for the conditions of 1904; but, we shall use our own discretion as to the time and method of changing them, and take the responsibility before the country for preventing the unsettling of industrial and trade conditions."

"I believe there ought to be free trade with the Philippines as there is with Porto Rico. I believe the Senate will at least pass a bill reducing the rate of tariff on the products of the Philippine islands entering this country." He adds his belief that such a bill will be passed this winter.

Although Senator Foraker's proposition has not yet been much discussed, it is regarded as the statement of one high in party councils and makes it probable that the Philippine tariff will be the subject of much debate during the winter.

Southern representation in the Republican national convention will be decreased if the plan submitted by Gen. Charles R. Brayton is adopted by the party. General Brayton is a member of the Republican national committee from Rhode Island and party leader in the State. He has sent a letter to each member of the committee outlining his plan, accompanied by a resolution which he will present to that body at its meeting here December 11.

The resolution provides that each State and Territory and the District of Columbia be entitled to four delegates at large and one for each 10,000 voters casting their ballots for the Republican elector in the preceding Presidential election.

"The resolution," says Gen. Brayton, "will so provide that the representation of each State in a national convention will become a matter of healthy rivalry, and every section of the country will share in controlling the affairs of the party in ratable proportion to the whole party strength with perfect and complete fairness."

The confirmation of Leonard Wood as major general is regarded as assured by trustworthy authorities in the Senate, notwithstanding the numerous sensational but erroneous stories to the contrary which have been furnished to the press by interested persons, enemies of Wood and of the administration. Prominent members of the Senate, both Republican and Democratic, have come to a realization of the fact that the time for the Senate to have objected to Wood's promotion over senior officers was when that promotion was given—in other words, when President McKinley made Wood a brigadier general. In the present instance, President Roosevelt found Wood at the head of the list of brigadier generals and merely gave him the promotion to which his position entitled him, making him a major general when a vacancy in that rank occurred. An important feature which has come out in the investigation is that Wood requested of the War Department that a court of inquiry be appointed to examine into the conduct and that Secretary Root, after examining into all the circumstances, decided that the charges were not of sufficient weight or sufficiently sustained to warrant such an inquiry. A careful canvass of the committee on military affairs, shows that there are not likely to be more than two votes against a favorable report on Wood's promotion. One of these comes from Senator Scott of West Virginia, whose objections to Wood have long antedated the present hearing, and the other from Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, who will probably vote "nay" for partisan reasons. The Senate may be relied upon to act in accordance with the report of its committee, which include some of the most trusted members of the upper chamber.

Progress in the reform of second class mail abuses is discussed in the third annual report of Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden. He says that in July, 1901, the abuse in the privileges of second class mail matter was recognized as a scandal to the postal service and it was determined to institute a reform as thorough as possible, yet free from interference with legitimate newspapers and periodicals in the rights accorded them by the law. The progress in this work has been constant, although pending law suits have hampered it somewhat and much still remains to be done.

Argyll and Longfellow.

The great Duke of Argyll was visiting his son, then governor general of Canada, and met Longfellow in the American poet's ancient colonial mansion at Cambridge, Mass. As they sat together on the veranda the duke persistently asked the names of the various birds he saw and heard singing in the poet's trees as well as of the flowers and bushes growing in his extensive and beautiful garden. Longfellow was neither botanist nor ornithologist and did not know.

"I was surprised to find your Longfellow such an ignorant person," said the duke subsequently to an American acquaintance.

"Indeed! Pray, on what subject?"

"Why, he could not tell me the names of the birds and flowers to be heard and seen in his own garden."

"May I ask how many languages you speak?" the American asked.

"Certainly, but one."

"Mr. Longfellow," was the answer, "speaks six and translates freely from almost all the languages of Europe."—Criterion.

G. E. Smith of Eldred, Pa., will pay cash for buckwheat or will grind it for you. He has, in connection with his feed mill, just put in one of the best Roller Process machines made. This includes a fine "cleaner" and "huller." He can do as good a job as can be done anywhere. Try him.

WANTED—To buy an old safe, medium size, for shop. Must be cheap for cash. Address Chas. Phalon, Newerf, Pa.

For Sale.

A good new milch cow. Inquire of John N. Apple, Smethport, Pa.

Try buying your Christmas goods of Holder.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD, PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

CHRISTMAS STORE IS READY.

Holiday novelties and needs are absorbing the attention of every Dept. There's something for everybody—old and young, within the reach of every purse. Now is the time to come and make your selections. You can do it with more ease, get better attention and find unbroken assortments.

BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO SEE

"TOYLAND" in Our Christmas Basement

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

McCoy's Drug Store.

We have had so many calls for The Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, with an accidental insurance, that we have added a show case full of them to our stock and we invite your attention.

McCoy's Drug Store.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

The only place in town to find SANTA CLAUS.

Mrs. M. L. Bisett.

5 and 10 CENT STORE.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,

REILLY BLOCK. SMETHPORT.

Get Into Line

And follow the crowd to our store where you will find a complete assortment of

STETSON SHOES AT

$5.00 and $6.00.

We have shoes for everybody and we guarantee to please in style and price. New goods are arriving daily. Call and look over our stock.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

New Goods

Just received direct from New York, a large line of ladies dress skirts. Great values at low prices.

Also have a good assortment of ladies' and children's cloaks.

Do not forget to look at our furs before purchasing.

Now is the time to buy your winter millinery. Our stock is large. Prices lower than you will find elsewhere.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,

Smethport, Pa.

This Store Will Be Closed All Day Xmas.

CHRISTMAS

Will Soon Be Here.

The usual problem confronts you—same old trouble as last year. "It's hard to find things to give men." If you find it so, a visit here will help you to decide and afford you relief.

Our store is full of articles suitable for a man's Christmas. Run your eyes down the list. You will certainly find something he would be delighted to have.

Overcoat	Suit
Smoking Jacket	Neckwear
Gloves	Suspenders
Night Robes	Bath Robes
Shirts	Collars, Cuffs
Hosiery	Cap
Muffler	Umbrella
Rain Coat	White Vest
Shirt Protector	House Coat
Handkerchiefs	Sweater, &c., &c.

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS.

D. C. Young's Department Store.

Headquarters for Purple Stamp Premiums, the finest premiums ever given in this town. So save your purple stamps as you are sure to get a valuable premium for every book you fill.

Call and look over my stock as I have just received a line of new goods and can save you money on Rubber goods for men, women and children.

BOOTS & SHOES,
NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS, &c.

And always a fresh line of groceries on hand, also hand-picked apples.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 1, 1903.

GOODS DELIVERED.

If it is a

Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

A CHRISTMAS STORE.

full of the things that men and boys like to wear. We'd need a newspaper of our own to rightly tell all that this store contains. We won't begin, for where would we start? Just skim over a few items.

New neckwear—fantastic shapes, colorings and weaves.
Mufflers—rich and beautiful.
Umbrellas—handsomely decorated handles.
Dress Suit Cases—all leather, called Tip-Top because there's none so good—$5.00.
Fancy Suspenders—in boxes 50c to $2.50 a pair.
House Coats and Dressing Jackets.
Lastly: Expect us to have what you want.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

We are sole selling agents for the

Glone-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street. BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

Queen Quality Shoes for Women. RED STAMPS Packard Shoes for Men.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Cloaks, Men's Furnishings

Great Display of Yuletide Goods.

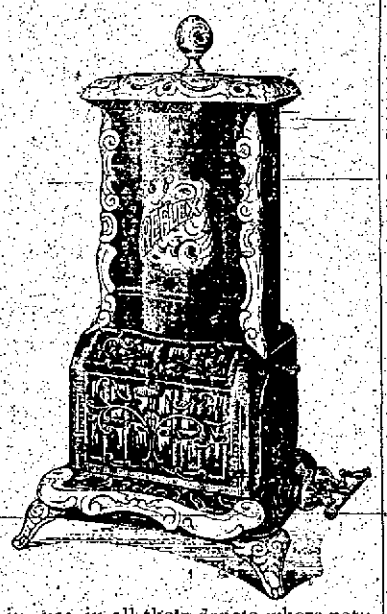
Saturday, Dec. 5, our stock of Holiday Goods will all be ready for the early shoppers. By making an early selection of your Christmas Goods you will avoid the crowds of the final rush and the assortment will be complete.

Our large stock contains innumerable useful, sensible and pleasing Christmas Gifts for Ladies, Men, Girls and Boys.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Double Stamps on Opening Day Double Stamps on Opening Day.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20 c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Criminal court next week.

—Guy Brothers Minstrels to-night.

—Sheriff Mays is quite ill at this time but is improving.

—Roy Button is quite ill at the home of his uncle, S. P. Button.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Carlen on Tuesday, Dec. 8, a boy.

—Christmas goods are advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—Miss Lois Young entertained a few girl friends yesterday afternoon.

—The business men's meeting for to-night has been postponed one week.

—Miss Lenna Shepard has been confined to her home with illness this week.

—Miss Clara Barton has been elected president of the Red Cross Society for life.

—Mrs. Flora Hogarth entertained a party of friends at her house Tuesday evening.

—Read "The Fair" advertisement this week and call on them when in Bradford.

—Miss Ethel Tull entertained a few friends at the home of her parents on Bank street Friday evening.

—See the new Christmas advertisement of "Ike" Simons of the Big Double Clothing House of Bradford in this issue.

—Two estimable women of Port Allegany died on Saturday, Nov. 28. They were Mrs. Enoch Chandler and Mrs. Fred Gerwick, Sr.

—It is reported that Eber Pierce, who is in jail at Coudersport awaiting trial on the charge of murder, fears that he will be shot through his cell window.

—Through a typographical error we stated that the Republican primaries would be held in Keating township on Dec. 18. It should have read Saturday, Dec. 19.

—The Afro-American Comedy Co., a theatrical venture launched from this place, played to a fair sized house at Clermont Monday evening. The same company will give an exhibition at Crosby to-morrow (Friday) night.

—The men of the M. E. church gave a social at the chapel Tuesday evening for the benefit of the church. All had a delightful time.

—The cooked food sale for the W. C. T. U. will be held in the Wright & Terwilliger market Thursday, Dec. 17. Open at 2 o'clock.

—H. N. Prill, the Bradford jeweler, has a new advertisement this week. He carries the finest line of goods in this section of the country.

—Edinboro Normal offers courses in music, oratory, business, art, mechanical drawing and normal. Catalogue free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett is advertising holiday goods in this issue. She has a large stock of goods especially for the holiday trade and the prices are right.

—The situation at Butler is but slightly improved. New cases of typhoid fever are reported every day but not in quite such alarming numbers as last week.

—Ola, the 10-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Badger, sprained her wrist quite badly on Wednesday of last week. The accident was caused by a fall on the ice while skating.

—Mrs. Margaret Harrison Riley, who was adjudged the best amateur singer in the United States at a contest in Philadelphia a few days ago, formerly lived at Harrison Valley, Potter county.

—Prof. C. F. Binns of the State School of Ceramics at Alfred University is delivering lectures on pottery at various towns in the State, illustrating his talks by specimens of pottery made by students in his school.

—Every man in town should take an active interest in the workings of the Business Men's Association. The future of Smethport to a great extent depends on the support this organization gets from the general public.

—During the past week nearly one hundred Italians who have been employed on the P., S. & N. railroad have been released and have departed for new fields of labor. When work is resumed in the spring another large crew will be put on this line.

—Our English cousins use "left off" for our "cast off," as applied to second-hand garments. The following advertisement recently appeared in a London paper: "Mr. and Mrs. Hardy have left off clothing of all kinds. They can be seen any day from 3 to 6 p. m."

—On Thanksgiving Day the 13-year-old daughter of Frank Knight, who was staying with friends in Port Allegany, walked 11 miles to Ulysses in order to be among her former friends. This does not speak well for the hospitality of our neighbor town.

—William Hart of Ulysses was seriously injured by the accidental discharge of a rifle last week. The bullet penetrated his right hand and left arm, shattering the bones. The left arm was amputated near the shoulder. The unfortunate man is married and has a small boy.

—Don't be fooled in trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as many of the well-known and popular remedies, is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures behind claims made for the well-known remedies, which no "just as good" medicines can show.

—A number of Knights and Lady Maccabees surprised Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gerritt at their home on King street last Thursday evening and after an evening with cards refreshments were served. At an "early hour" the merry crowd returned to their homes with nothing but praise for the hospitality of the host and hostess.

—Last April Helma Swanson, aged eleven years, of Kanesholm was operated on in Chicago by Dr. Lorenz, the famous bloodless surgeon, and plaster casts were put on from her hips to her ankles. Dr. Frederick Mueller, who assisted Dr. Lorenz, removed the casts a short time ago and now the former little cripple can walk as well as any child.

—Following is a scheme of which farmers should beware: A firm with a big name and glowing letterheads sends blanks to farmers requesting them to fill out the same for statistical agricultural information and to sign their names to verify their statements. The signatures are afterwards found on notes payable to an innocent holder.

—A young man is ill in a Philadelphia hospital who is a son of an East Indian nabob. Although only 24 years old he has traveled all over the globe and according to his own admission, he is the "black sheep" of his family. If he recovers he will go home and ask to be forgiven. His name is Ram Jan Kahn—a very appropriate one for a black sheep.—Bradford Era.

—William J. Maloney died Wednesday at the Bradford hospital, aged 20 years. His death was due to an injury sustained while playing football in Bradford last October. While running with the ball he fell and in the mixup his spine was injured and he never recovered from its effects, although he had the best of surgical attendance. During his illness his legs and arms have been totally paralyzed.

—Mrs. Katherine I. Curtin, widow of Pennsylvania's famed war governor, Andrew G. Curtin, died at her home in Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday. She was 84 years of age and possessed remarkable vitality. During the war she spent her time in caring for sick and wounded soldiers at Harrisburg, and many a dying soldier's last moments were cheered by her motherly care and attention. She was a noble woman and beloved by all.

Stockholders' Annual Election.

Take notice that a meeting of the stockholders of The Smethport Water Co. will be held at the general office of the company in Smethport, McKean Co., Pa., on the nineteenth day of December, A. D. 1903, at two o'clock p. m. of said day for the election of directors of said company.

ALVIN B. ARMSTRONG, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 27, 1903.

The Bear Hunt

and The Kicking Mule, the greatest banks made for the young ones. Toys new and novel features, express wagons, skates, sleds and innumerable things for young and old can be found at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

"He and she both GOT THE HABIT of going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT yourself and you won't regret it."

Notice.

My wife, Mary Hess, having left my bed and board all persons are hereby notified not to give her credit on my account as I will pay no debts contracted by her. H. E. HESS.

Holiday goods arriving daily at Holder's. Stop in and see them. Silverware, jewelry, etc., at prices to suit the times.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $12.50. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents and for their expenses. We have no "drummers." School stands on its merits. Call or write, WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne
Smethport - Penn'a.

PERSONAL MENTION.

George Shepard visited his family in town Tuesday.

Arthur E. Herriman of Austin is visiting friends in town.

Hon. T. F. Richmond had business in Bradford on Monday.

Bert McAllister of Bradford was a visitor in town last night.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver spent Sunday with Kane friends.

W. I. Bartholomew of Warren was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett visited Smethport relatives yesterday.

Lawrence Morrison has returned home from a visit at Parkersburg, W. Va.

Miss Martha Branban is visiting relatives in Westfield, N. Y., this week.

J. R. MacQuiston of Chicago is the guest of Dr. H. L. McCoy and family.

Mrs. W. O. Hamlin and daughter, Janet, were Bradford visitors Monday.

Prothonotary S. E. Bell and Allan Park visited Port Allegany last Thursday.

Justice Niles Harder of Annin Creek was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

L. W. Bellew left on Monday last to spend the winter with his brother in Wisconsin.

Walter Hamilton and Smiley Hunter of Port Allegany spent Sunday greeting their many friends in town.

O. D. Butterfield of Beigel, Pa., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. J. C. Cunningham, a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willett S. Palmer left yesterday for Rochester. While there Mr. Palmer will have an artificial foot fitted.

H. C. Wells leaves for Buffalo tomorrow to purchase holiday goods, about which he will tell you on his return.

Mrs. Myrtle Rice and son, Everal, and daughter, Ruth, are visiting Mrs. Rice's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Colvin, at Ridgway.

Mrs. J. F. Olmstead and daughter, Grace, of Crestline, Ohio, are visiting Mrs. Olmstead's parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy. Mrs. McCoy went to Buffalo to meet them.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

The Fair,

22 MAIN ST.

Christmas Buyers

Can be suited at the

Christmas Fair Store.

Our display of fine holiday merchandise make the effort of selection and purchase a pleasant one and eliminates the difficulties of Christmas buying occasioned by the uncertainties of selection.

Every year we have published a list of suggestions that would prove desirable for gift purposes. This year we find the list too lengthy to publish and if you are not too hard to suit you will surely be able to take advantage of the

101 SUGGESTIONS

that present themselves and are at your service at Bradford's Holiday Store.

There is a fine display here of cotton, linen, plain and fancy silk and pillow

HANDKERCHIEFS

to suit the most fastidious.

"The Biggest Dolls

for the money" is the prevailing idea in the Doll Dept., at the same time not neglecting quality and character.

PICTURES.

have reached the point of popularity that amounts to almost a fad. There are all kinds for all purposes and we have them from

10C. TO $5.00.

for sitting room, parlor, cozy corner, den uses, etc.

FURS.

We expect that the continual demand for nice furs will increase three-fold by Christmas week.

Furs head the list of "sensible gifts" and are suitable for the young and old—from the infant to the grandmother.

Children's Sets $1.00 to $6.50.
Misses' Furs $5.00 to $12.00.
Women's Scarfs up to $20.00.
Special Prices on Fur Coats.

Make your selection early. Get the benefit of our clerks holiday suggestions.

"HOLIDAY HEADQUARTERS"

The Fair,

22 Main Street.

R. Rosenberg, - Bradford, Pa.

Elwood Gaskin's NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand. Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell 'Phone

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

HOLIDAY GOODS

OPENING THIS WEEK.

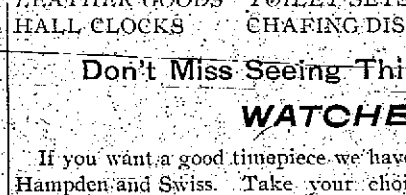
SPECIAL PICTURE DISPLAY

The early Christmas shopper is the satisfied one. Perhaps last year you were one of the late ones and suffered the annoyances of crowded aisles and delay in getting served. These things are bound to exist during the last week or two as we cannot get salespeople enough to wait upon everyone promptly in the last few days.

Make your selection now and enjoy the advantages of the best of service and complet assortments of

Toys	Furs	Handkerchiefs
Canes	Work Bexes	Neckwear
Sleds	Sterling Silver	Gloves
Juvenile Books	Calendars	Umbrellas
Childrens Chairs	Toilet Sets	Men's furnishings

FRY & HERZOG.



You Have Seen the Rest NOW BUY THE BEST

All Copper, Nickle-Plated Ware, with white metal trimmings and pure silver linings. We offer for your selection many new and pleasing patterns in

Tea and Coffee Pots,
Tea Kettles and Tea Kettle Sets,
Fivo O'clock Tea Kettles.
Cream Pitchers, Sugar Bowls, Spoon Holders
Butter Dishes, Tea Cups, Child's Cups,
Baking and Chafing Dishes,
Cake, Bread and Fruit Trays,
Comb Trays and Scrapers.

Trading Stamps Given.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Gifts for Christmas.

DIAMONDS.

We can undersell all competitors for fine goods and give a guarantee for good value that you don't get elsewhere. As low as $7.50. As high as you like.

SOLID SILVER	UMBRELLAS	BRIC-A-BRAC
CUT GLASS	NOVELTIES	SILVER DEPOSIT
FINE CHINA	DESK SETS	OPERA GLASSES
ELECTRIC BRAYS	SMOKING SETS	DINNER CALLS
LEATHER GOODS	TOILET SETS	SILVERWARE
HALL CLOCKS	CHAFING DISHES	BRASS FITCHINGS

Don't Miss Seeing This Large Stock.

WATCHES.

If you want a good timepiece we have them in Elgin, Waltham, Hampden and Swiss. Take your choice. They are guaranteed the same.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town. **Prill,** 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soft and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.

Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.

Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.

They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

Ultra Block THE FAMOUS CLOTHING STORE. Smethport Penna.

It Is False

economy to buy a sheddy Cotton Overcoat or Suit at $7.00 or $8.00 (said to be wool but isn't) when you can get here a GUARANTEED

ALL WOOL SUIT or OVERCOAT at **$9.50**

They are stylishly tailored and well fitting garments and $12.00 for either would be agreat bargain. This offer is worth your investigation before buying elsewhere.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

Wm. Monhelmer.

What the World Said

By ALLAN P. AMES

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"In this matter," said Easton, "there are three opinions to consider."

"One is enough for me," said the girl.

"Your own, I suppose."

"Of course. I presume one of the others is yours. Whose is the third?"

Easton gave a long, sweeping stroke that sent the canoe dartling far through the waters and laid the dripping paddle across the gunwale. "The third," he replied, "is what the world says."

"And who cares for that?" spoke the girl lazily from her cushions near the bow.

"Public opinion is something none of us can afford to ignore," said the youth gravely.

"But this is not a public matter. The extent of my liking for you is something just between ourselves."

"Our world tonight, Anne, is not the world of last winter. It's smaller—just the little colony at this end of the lake, in fact. That's the way we men feel, at any rate. We come here to get away from the world of work, and we want to keep wholly within this little pleasant sphere of our own. Now, you can't say that nobody about here has noticed my devotion. If you should inquire I'll bet you'd find that most of your friends can enumerate the times that I've proposed in the past month. Oh, they know all about us, and they're intensely concerned. You can't have forgotten what an active interest you and I took in your sister's affair."

"We were only rude children then."

"Summer days like these make children of us all. I've been growing younger ever since I knew you. Now, I have a childlike faith in the world's good judgment. Can't you let it settle this question for us?"

"Do you value its opinion above mine?" asked the girl, with a smile he might have seen had the moon been larger.

"Oh, no; only you see, your opinion in a measure is neutralized by mine. Here's a disinterested third party. Why not submit the question to him? I am convinced that you should marry me. You say you shouldn't. The rest of mankind are comparatively unimportant, but let's leave it to them. Isn't that fair?"

"Would you have them vote it at next election?"

"No, no. I am in earnest, Anne. If all our friends thought as I do, wouldn't it make any difference to you?"

"But I don't know what they think. I've never asked them. Have you?"

"Certainly not," answered Easton indignantly. "But I know a way of learning to a certain extent."

"What's that?"

"Listening."

"At keyholes and open windows, I suppose."

"No. I don't feel quite young enough for that. Besides, it isn't necessary. See here?"

Easton left his perch on the stern, worked his way to the center of the canoe and picked up a small megaphone. "Put the little end to your ear," he said, handing it to his companion. "Here's another just like it for me."

"Why, Joseph Easton! I'm ashamed of you! Do you often do things like this?"

"Never did it before. This is a very exceptional case."

"You're sure to hear something about yourself you won't like."

"No danger," he replied cheerfully as he raised the funnel to his ear. "Don't they say all the world loves a fellow in my condition?"

Then, while the girl sat watching him, with her own megaphone untouched in her lap, he listened first in one quarter, then in another. Sound travels surprisingly far at night on a calm body of water. To the unaided ear nothing was audible but the chirping of insects upon the shore and the lapping of ripples along the keel. Nevertheless at the fourth trial Easton's attitude betokened that his megaphone had intercepted some sounds more intelligible.

"Pity you're not using this," he chuckled presently. "Better follow me."

"Can you really hear somebody talking about us?" asked Anne, interested in spite of herself.

"Seems to be a couple of girls discussing you," said Easton. "And very nicely too. Excellent sense those people have. Hush—

"Now they've switched off on me," he added, after a pause.

Anne could restrain herself no longer. "It isn't so wrong for me to listen when they are speaking of you," she said finally. The next moment two megaphones were leveled into the darkness.

This is what came through them:

"Loving fancy, did you say? Indeed he had. I never saw a man change as he has since last summer. He showed a preference for Anne then, but he was willing to glance at the rest of us occasionally. But now—well, it's a case, all right."

Easton turned triumphantly to see what effect this had upon his companion. To all appearances she was listening shamelessly, intent to catch every word. When he returned to his megaphone another feminine voice was speaking:

"Least doubt about it. But I shall always have one exquisite joke on Anne and Joe if they marry, as everybody thinks they will. As long as he remains truthful the poor fellow never can tell her that she's the first girl he ever kissed."

"Bella! I'm shocked! What right have you to say that?"

"The best right in the world. The first girl he ever kissed is me"—

"Splash!" went Anne's megaphone into the water. The youth whirled about to find himself confronted by a pair of quivering shoulders and the back of a head that was a whole encyclopedia of outraged feeling. The megaphone bobbed against the side unnoticed.

"Anne, dear," he cried, "don't mind those busybodies. It's only Bella Maynard. You can't care what she says."

"Oh, I don't; I don't!" came back in smothered tones. Then—"Spiteful thing! She wanted you herself. I always knew she did!"

"Wanted me?" echoed the youth. "Wanted!"—slowly realizing the import of the past tense. At the imminent risk of capsizing the frail craft, he crawled forward, placed a hand on each shoulder and gently turned her face toward him.

"Anne," he said, "you do care!"

For answer the face was hidden against the front of his coat.

"If you had only listened longer," observed Eaton, when conversation again became an adequate mode of expression, "you might have heard the Maynard girl tell when it was I kissed her."

"I don't want to know," said Anne. "Your past is your own. Your present is mine."

"And my future," he added fervently. "But I don't mind in the least telling you how this happened. It was at a children's party. I was six and she was nine, I think."

The Original of Major Pendennis.

Miss Horace Smith once told me a story. It was long and complicated, but she assured me she had told it to my father, the late W. M. Thackeray, just before he wrote "Pendennis," and that it had partly suggested the opening chapters. It concerned a family living in Brighton, somewhere near Kemp Town. There was a somewhat autocratic father and a romantic young son who had lost his heart to the housemaid and determined to marry her. The father made the young man give his word of honor that he would not marry clandestinely, and then, having dismissed him, rang for the butler. To the butler this Major Pendennis said, "Morgan," or whatever his name was, "I wish you to retire from my service, but I will give you £200 in bank notes if you will marry the housemaid before 12 o'clock tomorrow." The butler said, "Certainly, sir," and the young man next morning was told of the event which had occurred. As far as I remember, a melancholy and sensational event immediately followed, for the poor young fellow was so overwhelmed that he rushed out and distractedly blew his brains out on the downs behind the house, and the butler meanwhile, having changed his £200, sent a message to say that he had omitted to mention that he had a wife already and that this would doubtless invalidate the ceremony he had just gone through with the housemaid.—Mrs. Richmond Ritchie in Cornhill Magazine.

Beating the Expressman.

They haggled for ten minutes over the cost of moving. The woman claimed that the job was worth only $2, including a tip. The expressman insisted upon getting $2.25. At last the woman won out.

"All right," said the man, "if you won't pay any more you won't." So he piled the trunks, the books and the bookcases into the wagon and drove away.

The woman was jubilant. She told everybody in the house she was leaving about how she had at last got the best of that autocrat, the New York expressman, and when she got to the home of the friend with whom she was going to live boasts of her achievement still trembled on her tongue.

"What do you think?" she began triumphantly.

"Excuse me a minute," said her friend. "Before you go on I want to tell you about that expressman. He got your things here without a scratch. He was so very nice and careful that I gave him a quarter. He asked for it. He said you expected me to give it to him; that you would have given it yourself only you were short of change and couldn't spare it. I hope it was all right. Now, go ahead and tell your story."

"I don't think I have one to tell," said the woman weakly. "You have spoiled the point."—New York Press.

Spoiled by Success.

Julius Chambers related in the Reader how in 1887, while he was editing a paper in Paris, he conceived the idea of putting on his editorial staff an old beggar woman who had two wooden legs and who was a well known sight on the boulevard. So he paid her a regular salary and had brilliant interviews, written with leading men and women of Paris, which he published over the signature "The Little Old Woman on Two Sticks." He says: "It soon became a matter of pride among English and Americans to know the wretched creature who had become so famous." Money was showered upon her by American and English visitors who had not fathomed the humor of the situation and veritably accepted the inference that the beggar was on speaking acquaintance with all the notables of Paris. The episode finally developed into a farce because the old woman's vanity was roused by the attention notoriety brought her. She could not read English, knew nothing about the contents of the articles and actually flattered herself into the belief that she possessed physical attraction for the generous hearted men who gave her alms or patted her tenderly on the shoulder. Like many another useful member of society, she was spoiled by success and one day struck for higher wages."

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Ointward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

RAREST OF PHEASANTS.

The Great Argus Is Very Shy and Has Wonderful Wing Feathers.

Of all the pheasants the great argus is the rarest and most peculiar in his habits. In the wild state he inhabits the dense forests of Sumatra, the Javan peninsula, and he is also found in similar localities in Borneo. The big birds are large and tender and rarely ever take to wing. There is no record of one ever being shot. So shy are they that only a modern rifle could reach one, even if a man could be found cruel enough to pull the trigger. They are, however, trapped by the natives for their wonderful wing feathers, of which nature can produce no equal in a feather way. The male bird when fully grown is about seven feet in length. He shows no beauty until his wings are spread. Then you forget where and who you are. He lives the life of a bachelor—a modern bachelor. He fans a spot on the level earth with his wings some ten or twelve feet square near his bachelor apartments. Here he comes frequently, except when molting, and displays his enormous wings, like a butterfly or skirt dancer, by erecting his wings out over past his head, where the peculiar argus eyes are revealed in a diagonal position, at which shirt they show off to the best effect.

Perhaps the best and finest of the true pheasants are the reeves, inhabiting the mountains of China, their tail feathers frequently reaching the enormous length of six feet. They are hardy, standing any winter weather and any degree of heat, never becoming quite as tame as some of the others. The male bird displays his plumage by swelling up and drawing in the head as though ready to burst and then jumping stiff legged in a big circle around his hen, his long tail being held almost straight up.—Country Life In America.

THE OYSTER'S POSITION.

It Wedged on Its Right Side In Its Bed It Will Die.

"Why does an oyster sleep and live on its left side?" asked a man who is interested in oyster culture. "Well, I suppose we will have to put the question to Nature, and Nature has her own way of answering questions. I have been around in the oyster waters of the Chesapeake bay and Choptank river for many years and am in a position to say that this is the natural way of the oyster. I may remark, parenthetically that this is one of the difficulties we have to contend with for in rebedding oysters and bundling them an oyster is occasionally thrown upon its right side and weighted so that it cannot turn over. It simply dwindles away and dies by degrees. Put upon its right side the oyster cannot live. Of course there is an explanation to this peculiarity. The right hand part of the oyster shell is the top and movable part. If the oyster is put in its natural position—that is, on its left side—it requires but a small amount of physical energy to open and raise the right hand section of the shell when the oyster wants to feed. Reverse the position and put the oyster on the right side and we find an extremely difficult problem, from this oyster's standpoint. In order to open the shell for feeding purposes it is necessary for the oyster to raise not only the weight of the left section of the shell, but its own weight as well. If we reverse the natural position of the oyster, put it on its right hand side and wedge it so it can't turn over, we simply smother and starve it to death. Of course, I am just theorizing about this thing. There may be some other explanation of the left handed life of the oyster, but from my experience I am inclined to think the explanation given is a reasonable one."—Philadelphia Record.

Education and Success.

An uneducated child has one chance in 150,000 of attaining distinction as a factor in the progress of the age.

A common school education increases his chance nearly four times.

A high school education increases the chance of the common school child twenty-three times, giving him eighty-seven times the chance of the uneducated.

A college education increases the chance of the high school boy 9 times, giving him 210 times the chance of the common school boy and more than 800 times the chance of the untrained.—World's Work.

Wanted No Wages.

"Do you know the wages of sin?" asked the dominie sternly of Johnnie, who was busily tying a can to a dog's tail.

"Is dis a sin?" queried John without looking up.

"It certainly is."

"Well, I don't want no wages for dis. I'm doin' it fer fun."—Houston Post.

Putting It Off.

Tess—He proposed to me today, and he was so impatient! He wanted me to marry him right away. But I was not to be hurried.

Jess—So you put him off, eh?

Tess—Yes, indeed. I told him he'd have to wait until *tomorrow*.—Philadelphia Press.

Where Diogenes Was Foolish.

Potter—You have heard of Diogenes going about with a lantern searching for an honest man?

Mrs. Potter—Bigger fool he! Honest men are not to be found on the street at night; they are at home with their families.—Boston Transcript.

The Song's Fate.

Patience—He wrote a song he thought was going to live.

Patrice—And did it?

"No. The first person he heard sing it murdered it."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

MUSIC AS A TONIC.

An Incident of the Dying Days of a Famous Man.

A great statesman, one who had all but touched the presidency, lay dying within the walls of an old brick mansion on the eastern side of the square, where I had elected to sit.

It was my first afternoon in the square, when a hand organ began to grind forth its turgid strains before the brick house. I looked and listened, expecting with each moment that some one would issue from the house of doom and drive the diminisher away. Instead, a bright black man, evidently a butler, came and stood on the porch. An hour went by before the repertory was exhausted. Then the black man gave the organ man a dollar, and the music and the man went quietly their ways.

"I should think it would disturb your master," I said to the black guardian of the porch.

"He likes it," he replied. "The organ comes by his orders. The doctor says it does him more good than the medicines."

For a week I went and sat on my bench and heard the organ grind. The programme never varied. The concert lasted an hour. Then came the dollar, and the music ceased.

For a full week I attended these concerts in the square. Then came a day when the hand organ did not appear. I looked at my watch. I was surprised. The concert was ten minutes overdue! What should delay him? Surely that easy dollar had its charms!

Then, as though in answer to my question, my eye caught a black flutter at the door. It was a knot of crape. The man that had listened was dulled, the audience had departed—Blaine, secretary of state, was dead.—Everybody's Magazine.

WORDS WITHOUT RHYME.

Some Difficulties the Poets Cannot Overcome.

In a well known musical comedy the kingly poet of a mythical state makes a frantic demand on his subjects for a rhyme with sarsaparilla. The question calls to mind the surprisingly few words there are in the comparatively harsh English tongue, with its plethora of consonants, for which there are no rhyming equivalents. Sarsaparilla, as a manufactured name, is hardly a fair example, but there are said to be only three familiar words of everyday speech which loom up ferociously before the student of metrical possibilities. They are silver, month and carpet. Of these silver alone remains absolutely unassailable, for Swinburne has in one of his poems a word of Greek derivation which may be said at a pinch to rhyme with month, and W. S. Gilbert of "Pinafore" and "Mikado" fame has in the "Bab Ballads" ingeniously conquered carpet as follows:

One day that Turk he sickened sore,
Which threw him straight into a sharp pet.
He threw himself upon the floor
And rolled about his carpet.

The same author has also established a record in "Patience" for rhyming unfamiliar words that look extremely formidable to the novice. The verse runs:

Which from the poet's plinth
The amorous salicynth, etc.,

which, although it be very beautiful, is hardly intelligible.

But silver is still obstinate, and the young Musaen who ends his first line with that fatal word had better stick to blank verse.—Philadelphia Record.

The Next Step.

Since our little Willie began to study "Cæsar" he can say "Omnia Gallia" without any prompting in the world. As he bends his curly head over his studies we watch him with fond affection. Suddenly he turns to us with the bright smile that we are thinking of having patented.

"Mother," he asks, "isn't Latin one of the dead languages?"

"Yes, dear," we reply, trembling with anticipation.

"Then I wish they would bury it," says the darling as he upsets the ink bottle.

And yet there are people who say children haven't souls.—Judge.

Wealth of Florida Straits.

If the bed of the ocean is to be searched for treasure there can be no more promising fields than those about the Florida straits. Through these as through a gate once flowed the riches from the mines of Peru and Mexico as well as the pearls from the old Pacific fisheries, and when a storm struck the ship between the jaws there was usually a wreck with no survivors, those who reached the shore to fall into the hands of Indians being more unfortunate than those whelmed in the waves. Success to the searchers.—Florida Times-Union.

Making an Epoch.

"How old are you?" the schoolteacher asked the new student.

"Six years old," lisped the little one.

"When were you six?" asked the teacher.

"The day our hired girl came," said the little one conclusively.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Disraeli's Cowardice.

Mrs. Disraeli once said to an astonished circle in an English country house: "Dizzy has the most wonderful moral and political courage—but he has no physical courage. I always have to pull the string of his shower bath."

"I notices," said Uncle Eben, "dat a man who is stubborn as a mule generally ain't near as sensible."—Washington Star.

It is only because the water works that the fountain plays.—Petoskey (Mich.) Lyre.

INSURANCE.
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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. H. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—C. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodner.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. C. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hanbery, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; C. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Rodgers, J. H. Hamley, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. O'Goron.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. —nkins.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. P. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Military degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Deckus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. MOLLIE E. BEEVER, Pres't.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. E. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Church.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord S. Patterson Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 7:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Bay City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:05 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 7:12 p. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:
Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:23 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:35 p. m., Washington 8:25 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

1:35 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:20 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 10:25 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (9:08 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 51, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

NORTH A. M.	Lv.	Weekdays. STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 05	.....	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	.....	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	.....	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 18	.....	Straight	11 18
10 20	.....	Instanter	11 15
10 30	.....	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	.....	Woodvale	11 03
10 40	.....	Clermont	11 00
A. M.			A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:20 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, ... P. R. WOOD,
General Manager. ..... Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Dewis, Akeley, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. 4 p. m. for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:50 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Dewis, Akeley, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. 4 p. m. for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 10:00 a. m., 5:30 p. m. and 8:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 19. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Sept. 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

a.m.	p.m.		p.m.	p.m.
7:00	12:10	Lv. Mt. Jewett Ar.	6:00	12:10
7:07	12:20	Pt. Pleasant	5:53	12:03
7:10	12:24	Hazelhurst	5:50	12:00
7:18	12:32	Murrinsville	5:42	11:52
7:21	12:35	Ranson	5:39	11:49
7:26	12:40	Genet	5:34	11:44
7:34	12:48	Smethport	5:26	11:36
a.m.	p.m.		p.m.	a.m.
8:55	1:00	Lv. Smethport Ar.	4:00	11:10
9:06	1:11	Mina	3:49	10:59
9:10	1:15	Raymond	3:45	10:55
9:16	1:21	Cyclone	3:39	10:49
9:20	1:25	Larabee	3:35	10:45

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, ... C. L. RENWICK,
General Supt. ..... Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY.
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. A.M.	Eastward A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS Ar.	Dp	Westward A.M.	P.M.	Ar. A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.16
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.33	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.64	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New Ed. June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.03	N. Coudersp't	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.03	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.15	11.47	Bartville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.03	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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MARCIA'S ORDEAL

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Marcia came up the walk with a sigh of relief so intense it was almost a sob. All afternoon she had been braving it out, forcing herself to smile and chatter dutifully, listen respectfully to Calverley strictures upon the world, her world and life in general and make the requisite autobatic responses.

Aunt Calverley was no blood kin, only her father's stepsister, but all the more punctilious and difficult because of it. Twice a year she came in state to spend the night and day after at Greenways. The visits always left Marcia and her mother uncomfortable, but this was the first whose legacy had been true heartache.

"Don't look so, daughter. I don't believe it," Mrs. Alston said, drawing Marcia down beside her upon the piazza bench. She was small and frail and blue eyed, all unlike her daughter. Even Aunt Calverley admitted grudgingly that Marcia was Alston through and through. That meant she was beautiful.

"As handsome as an Alston" had been a saying of the countryside this hundred years. As a race the Alstons were slim and supple, dark eyed, dark browed, with fine olive skin and clear, healthy scarlet showing richly in lips and cheeks; light stepping too. Marcia in special had the motion of a flower swaying in gentle breezes. There had been something of natural flirtation, but no surprise whatever when Ivor Morris fell in love with her at first sight.

There could be no doubt of it. He called the very next day and the next and the next, then upon the fourth planned a picnic in the grounds of High Brook, his ancestral estate. He was out newly come to it. The big house had been shuttered and shrouded almost twenty years. That was his excuse for asking his new friends to make merry with him outdoors. Though he was far too well bred to devote himself ostentatiously to Marcia when thus playing host, by a sort of tacit consent she was pushed forward to be the head and front of everything. The next day he vanished unaccountably, but in a week he was back again, and evidently more in love than ever. He managed somehow to see Marcia every day for a month; then came another absence and the midst of it Aunt Calverley.

Aunt Calverley was bursting with news. Mrs. Alston was certain of it by the mere she set eyes on her. There was a certain swelling as of pride in her own discerning, mixed with ostentatious pity for the blindness of her folk. Still she told nothing out of the common until after the midday dinner, when she had begun veering literally to the subject of her departure. Although the length of her visit was always as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, she felt sadly neglected if in the last hours of it she was not begged to make it longer. Mrs. Alston had just said, with a considerable show of heartiness, "Do see there's nothing to call you home—and just as well stay with us until Monday," when the revelation came.

"I hope I shan't never be foolish enough to wear out my welcome anywheres," Aunt Calverley returned primly. "I know you two will be tickled to go right off and see your neighbors. Of course you know Morris is fetchin' home his wife and twins. Don't tell me you hadn't an'! And him here so much! Well, I astonished! But, men air queer—especially the Morris mell. How else the old major have six sons and only this one grandson? And Ive's their was the wildest of the lot. Che that's why I mistrusted his son from the very first. You won't ve me believe he's bringin' the wife his own good will and pleasure. I ve there's been trouble between and she's brought the gentleman with a round turn. How do I w? You know he has got Peggy derson to keep house for him, the way here I stopped at High ok to ask Peggy if she reckoned I d get her daughter Fanny to come quilt for me next fall. Peggy was flustered I couldn't hardly get a sible word out of her. Ive had sent a telegraph: 'Comin' home Saturday. Prepare adjoining rooms for Mrs. ris and twin children.'"

"Why didn't you tell us yesterday? could love to have made a cake for e children. Peggy Henderson's is always as heavy as she is." cia interrupted so gayly her mother her a look of adoring pride. "Now oo late," Marcia ran on. "Do stay Sunday, Aunty Calverley. The rises will surely come to church. like to know what you think of

(there was no luring Aunt Cal y away from talk of Ivor Morris. sins, actual and potential, beguiled into staying until sundown, although she had to drive ten miles. rcia endured it all wonderfully—how she never quite understood did not break down even at her or's wistful comforting—only d her fingers hard and said, gazfar away into the glowing sunset: shouldn't it be true, mamsie? Morris has looked love at me and n it, but never a word of mar-

—he called me 'mother' the very ine I saw him," Mrs. Alston said ously. "I tell you he is not d"—

perhaps only weak." Marcia drawing her mother within her "He worships beauty, and I am truly very pretty, mother. He is impulsive too. I know for the time he loves me with all his heart. Maybe he has loved his—I mean somebody else—with all his heart. Maybe also he will keep on doing it all his life. And I love him, mother. But he has saved and spared me this much—he has never given me the chance to tell him so. Now I know why. Let us both be grateful and show it by helping to make things easy for him. People will gossip wildly over this unheard of wife. We must pretend to have been in the secret."

"Can you do it? Are you strong enough?" Mrs. Alston said, drawing Marcia's head within the hollow of her arm.

Marcia nestled closer and said clearly: "I must be strong enough, mamsie. You must be strong enough. We will begin by going to church tomorrow. That will be the hardest thing. Oh, how I dread facing all those curious eyes!"

"No more than we do. Therefore all of us must stay away," Ivor Morris said, coming around the corner of the piazza. Madeira vines grew so rank there they hid everything. Ivor's eyes danced a bit, but his mouth was grave and even set. He half led, half dragged a very pretty woman, whom he seated unceremoniously beside Mrs. Alston. "We walked across the woods, Melainie and I, on purpose to ask your good offices. Melainie is Mrs. Morris, but not my wife. That honor belongs to my cousin Graham, who didn't know he was a Morris until six weeks back. It seems his mother, when very young, married privately my wild Uncle Roy. al, disagreed with him and ran away from him before Graham was born. The day after she left Uncle Roy broke his neck in the hunt, but it was months before his widow knew it. When she did know she married an old lover, who adopted her son and brought him up as his own. I am it seems, very like my uncle. When she saw me the first time, just after I came here, she broke down and told me the whole story. She did not know how much of the Morris fortune was entailed or that in proving Graham the eldest heir now I was half beggaring myself. All that has, however, settled itself. Graham is a trump. He will take over High Brook on account of the twins. Still I'm not so bad a match I don't dare ask Marcia to marry me. I've been on the point of doing it fifty times at least. But who could be brutal enough to ask a princess to exist on nothing a year?"

"Don't scold him, please. I have done that already," Melainie entreated prettily, holding Marcia's hand. Marcia stood very straight and asked severely, trying to frown on Ivor as she spoke: "How long had you been behind those vines? Did you dare eavesdrop?"

"Certainly. I love to confound proverbs," Ivor said audaciously. "Listeners do sometimes hear good of themselves, but I know it was wrong. I'll do any penance you may set me after"—

"After what?" Marcia asked as he stopped tentatively, his eyes entreating.

"After the wedding day, sweetheart," he said. Then, heedless of others present, he took her in his arms.

Wiles of the Medicine Man.

Here is a brief account of the wiles of the southwestern medicine man as described in George Wharton James' story, "The Indians of the Painted Desert Region":

The ways of the Havasupai medicine men are similar to those of fakirs in all lands and ages. I have seen Rock Jones after examining a patient jump up and excitedly exclaim: "I can see into your head and all through your brains, down your throat and into your stomach, through your kidneys, bladder, intestines and you are sick, very sick, very heap sick. But I am a good medicine man. I can cure you sure; I can cure you quick. But you must promise to give me $5. Don't forget I must have $5."

In one case with which I was familiar the medicine man declared that the heart of one sick man had gone away to the topmost peak of one of the canyon walls. It would cost several dollars to charm it back, but he could do it. Yielding to the pleadings of the man without the heart, he began to exercise his charms and incantations, and the next day he came in and declared he had seen it return during the early morning hours and his patient would recover. His prognostication was correct. The man was soon well and strong and paid his six dollar fee for having his heart returned to him with due gratitude and thankfulness.

An Unusual Suicide.

That it is possible to commit suicide by simply holding one's breath has been clearly proved by a despondent Norwegian, who killed himself in this very unusual manner. When he determined to die he closed his mouth and nostrils and by mere force of will prevented his lungs from doing their proper work.

This case is the more remarkable as there has long been a popular notion that no human being could by mere will power stop the action of the lungs for more than one or two minutes. For this reason it attracted much attention, and a French writer, commenting on it, says:

"To persons of good taste who are weary of life this method of committing suicide will certainly commend itself, one reason being because the body is not disfigured thereby and another because the act can be committed in any place and at any time. It is true that sensitive or nervous persons will never be able to kill themselves in this manner, for, simple as it seems, the act of retaining one's breath until death comes can only be performed by one who is either unusually phlegmatic or endowed with a very strong will."

MOB LEADER BY TRADE.

Hayward Got Up a Riot in Paris For Any One Who Paid Him.

Paris had for years a professional leader of mobs, a man named Hayward, who would get up a mob and raise a riot any time, for any purpose, according to orders, provided a sufficient amount of money was paid to him. He was employed chiefly by political leaders, and his services were in great demand at election time.

His regular business was peddling toys, songs and novelties upon the street. Many of the songs were written by him, many of the toys were his invention, and he was a man of genius in some directions as well as a strong character—so strong that he was called the "Napoleon of the Camelots" and the "king of the Camelots." If he had any principles or opinions of his own he kept them to himself. He would break up a political meeting or create an ovation and make a popular hero for a fixed sum of money.

He had under his command and subject to his call at a moment's notice, night and day, between 2,000 and 3,000 street hawkers, peddlers, newsboys and other gentlemen with lungs of leather and was in the habit of paying them from 2 to 4 francs each every time their services were required to raise a riot or give a triumphant greeting to any politician who wanted to convince the public of his popularity.

With 500 or even 250 of his followers Hayward could raise an awful ruction, and human beings, like sheep, always follow a leader. It was Mr. Pickwick, I believe, who said that it was good policy to shout with the loudest of the crowd, and no one could have collected such a band of howlers in Paris or anywhere else as the "king of the Camelots."

He led the mobs and directed the riots in the interest of General Boulanger when the latter attempted to repeat the part of Napoleon I. and was the author of the Dreyfus riots, for which he was paid by a syndicate of army officers. The police knew all about him, but never interfered with his work because they had confidence in his ability to control his followers and realized that any interference on their part might demoralize them. So this professional mob organizer was allowed great liberty.

He could not have existed in any other city in the world. Paris is the only place that could produce such a man, and when he died the newspapers confirmed formal obituaries, giving a detailed account of his operations for the purpose of influencing public opinion, while more than 1,000 street peddlers followed him to his grave.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Women's Work Versus Men's.

The reason why women are not paid as well as men for what seems to be an equal degree and kind of labor, says a woman writer, is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred cases because the work is not as well done as a man would do it in the same circumstances. It is not so well done because, first, it is not the custom to train girls as severely as boys, and precedent and usage are potent here; secondly and chiefly, because a girl considers her trade, be it typewriting, bookkeeping, selling merchandise, dressmaking or teaching, as a raft that will float her and her fortunes until she is picked up—near shore or far at sea—by the good ship Matrimony. Then the raft is abandoned and forgotten, so far as she can forget an unpleasant episode. The boy learns his business for a lifetime. That he hopes to marry somebody is but another reason why he should master the more thoroughly every department of his work and make himself the sooner indispensable to his employer.

Eccentric.

Giving evidence of character for a man charged at North London, a witness declared that he was eccentric.

Mr. Fordham—Can you give an instance of his eccentricity?

The Witness—Well, yes, I can. During the fourteen years I have known him he has never been a minute late in getting to his work.

Mr. Fordham—And you call that being eccentric?

The Witness—Yes, certainly, for a workingman.—London Times.

A Strong Point.

Agent (showing Mrs. Starven through the new house)—The house is a most desirable site for a boarding house. Of course the windows may seem to you rather narrow, but—

Mrs. Starven—That's what attracted me. I'm sure the average trunk is too wide to go through any of those bedroom windows.—Philadelphia Press.

Trouble For Henry.

"I see," said Mrs. Henpeck, "that a Chicago man refused to give his wife up after she had secured a divorce from him."

"Well, well," he answered, for the moment forgetting himself, "I thought a woman couldn't get a divorce from a crazy man."—Exchange.

Not the Same.

"Both of my grandparents on my mother's side were nonagenarians," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Is that so?" replied her hostess. "My folks was all Baptists, but Josiah comes from a Methodist family."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Woman and Business.

Cashier—Madam, you can give us your notes for the amount you owe us.

Madam—Of course, but I tell you right now I never shall be able to pay them.—Detroit Free Press.

A woman can hardly look at a man on the level. She will either look up to him or else look down on him.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Cupid Anno Domini

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

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Clifford Worthington Todd was lonesome. Indeed as he sat disconsolately on the veranda rail swinging his short legs he could not remember a time in the whole course of his eleven years' experience to this vale of tears when he had been so utterly alone.

Three days before his father and mother had started for Ohio to attend the wedding of Dr. Todd's favorite niece, and Clifford Worthington, given his own choice of accompanying them or remaining at home with Aunt Elinor, had chosen the latter course.

As a general thing, to stay at home with Aunt Elinor in charge of the household was about as near paradise as one could hope to get. Aunt Elinor was young and pretty and full of fun and, moreover, understood you. She wasn't forever saying, "Clifford, it is time for your nap," or "Clifford, what a dirty little boy! Go and cleanse yourself at once." She would go to walk with you in the pine woods, and she didn't mind how many pine needles you threw over her. She would go out in the bay with you in the sailboat, launch, and she could run the engine as well as Tarpey. She would tell most delightful stories to you from a book with red and gold binding, and she knew just when you were hungry and smuggled you a piece of tarts from the cook. In Clifford Worthington Todd's eleven years old mind Aunt Elinor held first place, yet as he sat on the veranda rail he gave utterance to his most lurid oath, a prolonged and doleful "Oh, gee!"

Yesterday afternoon a schooner yacht with glistening black hull and trim white sails had come into the bay and dropped anchor opposite the Todd cottage. A gig had put out from her, and a tall gentleman had disembarked at the little pier which ran out from the Todds' back lawn. This gentleman had seemed to know Aunt Elinor very well. She had introduced him to Clifford Worthington as Mr. Caverly.

The three had sat on the veranda, and Mr. Caverly had taken great interest in Clifford Worthington's conversation. When Mr. Caverly discovered that Clifford Worthington was possessed of some guinea pigs and that the said pigs were roaming about somewhere, perhaps even as far away as the woods at the end of the road, Mr. Caverly evinced a sudden interest in guinea pigs. He gave him 50 cents to catch them and bring them to the veranda for inspection.

Clifford had had a wild chase after them, but finally, after he had brought them back, struggling and squealing and himself perspiring, he had bumped into Mr. Caverly, who was making across the back lawn to the pier. At the corner of the house stood Aunt Elinor, her face white and what looked like tears in her eyes.

As Clifford Worthington reached her he heard her call: "Tom! Oh, Tom!" But Mr. Caverly strode straight to the pier end and was rowed to the yacht. Aunt Elinor had gone upstairs, and Clifford Worthington had spent a stupid afternoon with the Seymour boys, which ended in a fight.

This morning had been no better. Breakfast was a sorry affair, with Aunt Elinor sitting opposite, choking with every mouthful of toast and dabbling her eyes with her handkerchief. After breakfast she had said:

"I think you'll have to do without me this morning, old chap."

Her tone had a forced cheerfulness about it even deeper than grief. Still dabbling her eyes, she went upstairs, and Clifford heard her lock the door of her room. It was all very disheartening.

For a time he sat on the veranda. Then he decided to seek Tarpey. Tarpey was an eighteen year old mulatto, gardener, man of all work and engineer of the launch. Clifford found him propped up in the shade of the boat house reading some paper covered literature. Tarpey rose as he saw Clifford, made some remark about fixing the pansy bed and strode leisurely away, leaving the book behind. Clifford picked it up and began to read. It was filled with the adventures of Blackbeard, the pirate, and his trusty lieutenant, Yardarm Bill. It was bully reading, and by lunch time Clifford had read the book nearly through and was burning for adventure.

Aunt Elinor came down to lunch with very red eyes. She said they'd spend the afternoon in the woods, but Clifford said he had rather finish something he was doing. Aunt Elinor looked relieved.

After lunch he sought out Tarpey and divulged his scheme. Tarpey laughed and scouted it. Then Clifford showed him the half dollar Mr. Caverly had donated for the chase of the guinea pigs, and Tarpey succumbed.

At 5 o'clock the launch put out from the pier and headed for the yacht. At the bow of the launch stood a pirate flag with an effective skull and cross bones on it. Two fantastic figures made the crew. In the bow was Blackbeard, terrible in peaked paper cap and a formidable array of wooden swords, while Tarpey, alias Yardarm Bill, sat by the engine, a red sash about his waist. Tucked into it was an ancient pistol, a family heirloom, which Clifford Worthington had borrowed surreptitiously from the library.

The yacht had lain becalmed all day, and Tom Caverly had paced her deck praying for a hurricane to put to sea in. The launch came alongside the yacht, and the two pirates scrambled aboard. Mr. Caverly met them gravely.

"Sur-render!" shouted Blackbeard.

"Certainly—certainly," said Caverly, with well simulated terror. "Who are you?"

"I am Blackbeard," said Clifford, "and this," waving to Tarpey, "is my trusty lieutenant, Yardarm Bill."

"Charmed, I'm sure. Won't you come aft and discuss the terms of surrender, Mr. Blackbeard?" said Caverly suavely. "Steward, some cake and tarts and a pitcher of milk."

"Now, what are you going to do with me?" said Caverly when the steward had brought the tray.

"Pay tribute and leave these waters at once," said Blackbeard. "Yesterday you came to our—our—er—lair and gave pain to the heart of a woman."

"I?" said Caverly, amazed. "How?"

"It's Aunt Elinor," said Clifford. "She's been—been—bawling like time ever since you left."

Caverly sprung to his feet.

"See here," he said, "I'll go back with you as hostage."

"Yardarm Bill," said Blackbeard, "conduct yon craven captain to our craft. I'm much obliged for the tarts," he added, his mouth full of the last one.

They found Aunt Elinor in the library. She rose as they came in.

"Tom," she said tragically, "how dared you"—

"I have it on the authority of the eminent Blackbeard," he said gravely, "that you've been—er—what was it?—bawling ever since I left, Elinor dear, if was all my fault"—

"Tom," she said brokenly, "I called to you when you left—and—and"—

"Oh, Lord—think I didn't hear you. Here," turning to the amazed Clifford Worthington and thrusting another half dollar into his hand, "I want Aunt Elinor to see Yardarm Bill. Won't you see if you can find him?"

Later they sat on the veranda in the moonlight. Clifford Worthington, in his brave array of peaked cap and wooden sword, fast asleep in the hammock.

"Looks like a bulldog at young Mars, doesn't he?" laughed Caverly.

"Dear little Cupid Anno Domini!" said Aunt Elinor, stooping to kiss the sleeping boy.

Chickens and No Hen.

"Er—Mr. Mister Speaker," began the moss grown member from Shellback county, rising in his place in the legislature, "I ask for the passage of this yere hen hawk bill of mine in the interests of religion, good morals and civilization.

"If we don't have a law payin' a bounty for killin' 'em nobody will kill hen hawks. If nobody kills the hawks the fetch taked hawks will kill the chickens. If we don't have no chickens we won't have no preachers after a little while, and whur there ain't no preachers there ain't no religion, and whur there ain't no religion there ain't no morals. Without good morals there ain't no happy homes, and happy homes is the bully works of the state. Without 'em, Mister Speaker, our boasted civilization becomes a howlin' wilderness. For the preservation of civilization we've got to have happy homes in our midst, and in order to have 'em we've got to have good morals. Good morals depend upon religion, and to have religion we must have preachers, and it 'pears like preachers have just naturally got to have chickens. If we want 'em to have chickens we must slay off the hawks, and in order to git the hawks slew we are forced to make it to the interest of somebody to kill 'em. No bounty, no chickens; no chickens, no preachers; no preachers, no religion; no religion, no morals; no morals, no homes. Therefore I ag'in ask that this yere bill of mine be passed."—Puck.

Scotch-Irish Blood.

Until recent years it has been the misfortune of the Scotch-Irish to have escaped historical investigation. For American history has been written chiefly in New England, whose colonial Puritans forbade them in their midst. In fact, from the earliest settlement the Scotch-Irish have been pioneers and men of action. They have contributed to America few writers and artists, but many generals, politicians and captains of industry. In literature they claim two eminent names, Irving and Poe, but in the army, navy, politics and business they claim John Paul Jones, Perry, Andrew Jackson, Winfield Scott, Zachary Taylor, Ulysses S. Grant, Stonewall Jackson, George B. McClellan, Alexander Hamilton, John C. Calhoun, James G. Blaine, Jefferson Davis, Thomas Benton, Hendricks, John G. Carlisle, Mark Hanna, William McKinley, Matthew S. Quay, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, Horace Greeley, Henry Watterson and hundreds alike famous in the more strenuous movements of American life.—J. R. Commons in Chautauquan.

A Typographical Tragedy.

"You have some professional humorists working on your linotype machines, haven't you?" asked the poet.

"Haven't noticed that any of them have a failing that way," answered the editor.

"Well, you're a poor observer. Do you read your own paper?"

"Occasionally."

"Did you read my poem, 'To Agatha,' in yesterday's issue?"

"N-no."

"I thought not. In the poem I wrote a line which read, 'I love you better than I love my life.'"

"That was a neat line."

"And one of your linotype humorists made it read, 'I love you better than I love my wife.'"

"Er—"

"Exactly—my wife. And my wife, not being acquainted with the failings of these key thumpers, thinks the poem was printed exactly as it was written."

ANIMALS IN CHINA.

They Are Treated With Great Kindness by the Natives.

A noticeable trait of Chinese character and one fostered, if not generated, by Buddhistic teaching is an undemonstrative fondness for animals, or, I might rather say, a passive admission of their right to considerate treatment. Strangely enough, animals, both wild and domesticated, appear to comprehend this sentiment, for while greatly scared at the approach of a European, they usually take but little heed of the presence of the Chinese.

It is a common thing to see a well dressed Chinaman sauntering along holding up a bent stick, to which a bird is attached by a string some four feet or so in length, so that the little prisoner can make short flights to the limits of its tether and return again to its perch, gayly chirping and singing the while. Another stroller will be carrying a wicker birdcage on the hand, bent back and raised to the shoulder, much as a waiter carries dishes. The cage contains a Tientsin lark or other celebrated songster. On arriving at the spot he will place the cage on the ground and, retiring to a short distance, whistle to the bird, which will shortly burst into song, to the evident delight of both owner and bystanders.

Outside of one of the gateways was a kind of bazaar where birds of many different kinds were exposed for sale, not in cages, but quite tame and quietly sitting on perches—parrots, larks, Java sparrows, etc.—some of them tied by the leg, but not all. Here, too, were to be seen wicker baskets handsomely resembling orange crates, full of common sparrows, representing a regular supply for a regular demand. Benevolent old Chinamen, dandies and liberals, would visit this bazaar in the afternoon with the gold object of buying these little birds for a few cash each and then letting them fly away, a beatific smile betraying the salve to their inward feelings generated by the knowledge of merit acquired, any miseries inflicted on the sparrows by capture and confinement counting for nothing in the balance against the good work accomplished by their purchase and release.—"Life and Sport in China."

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

The future is a lute without strings.—Mary MacLane in "My Friend Annabel Lee."

You either laugh at frauds and fools or else your soul's embittered by their poison, I've noticed.—Philip Payne in "The Mills of Man."

The greater number of men marry for the very good reason that some one marries them.—Mrs. Fred Reynolds in "The Man With the Wooden Face."

Time moves at a strangely different rate for the person gone away and the one staying home.—Jane Welsh Carlyle in "New Letters and Memorials."

It seems to me that the life of a peace loving husband is one of a human intaglio, made so by the aggressive angularity of an assertive wife.—Mrs. Vickar-Collins in "A Parish of Two."

The squirming capacity of a boy who is waiting while persons converse of things in which he has no interest has never been expressed in figures, but it would count up large.—Max Adeler in "In Happy Hollow."

We lie in business, and we lie in religion, and we lie to women. Perhaps if a man stopped lying to a woman by and by he might begin to stop lying for money and at last stop lying with his Maker.—James Lane Allen in "The Mettle of Your Pastures."

His Standard.

There is a good story told of an old darky in one of our southern cities. He was standing on a street corner with a white man from Massachusetts who had invested some money in the neighborhood. While the white man was questioning the negro about the country the son of the negro's former master passed by, and as he passed the old darky snatched off his hat and said, "Good evenin', Marse Charles."

"Why," said the man from the north, "do you take off your hat and call that man Marse Charles? Don't you know that you have as many privileges as he has; that you can vote as well as he can? You are every bit as good as he is."

"Oh, no, sir," said the old darky; "deed you is mistaken. I knows I's as good as you is, but 'deed I ain't nothin' like as good as Marse Charles."—Baltimore Sun.

The Sound Was Not Hollow.

Mr. Dennis was endeavoring to the best of his ability to give the doctor a faithful account of his wife's symptoms, but he found it uphill work.

"You say she has a cough," said the doctor. "Is it a hollow cough?"

Mr. Dennis cast his eyes to the ceiling and then down to the ground, but found no help anywhere.

"It may be a hollow cough," he said humbly, "but there's a great soobstance to the sound of it anyway!"

Quite Unexpected.

"What do you think, Mr. Dinsmore?" said Miss Frocks. "I lost my fine new umbrella today, and it had my name on the handle too."

"Then you'll have to get another, of course," replied Mr. Dinsmore.

"Another umbrella?"

"No; another name."

"Oh, Mr. Dinsmore, this is so sudden! Still, you may ask papa."—Town Topics.

Information.

"Hello!" said the neighborly bore. "What are you building the new chicken house for?"

"Why," replied Nettles, "for a flock of pink camels, of course. You didn't suppose I'd put chickens in it, did you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

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EMIL THAMM, Manufacturer of Fine Cigars. Wholesale and Retail Dealer

City Shaving Parlors, ELWOOD GASKIN, Prop. Shaving and Hair Dressing. —In the latest style of Art.— None but first-class workmen employed. Shining Chair.

BIG PIE FACTORIES.

METHODS BY WHICH THEY HANDLE THEIR IMMENSE PRODUCT.

Ten to Fifteen Thousand Pies Made and Baked in a Night—The Crusts, the Filling and the Frosting—Absolute Cleanliness in the Shops.

A visit to one of the largest pie constructing plants in a city would make the average housewife who prides herself in her baking green with envy. The maker of old fashioned domestic pies cannot easily conceive of a system by which a barrel of apples and a barrel of flour can, figuratively speaking, start at one end of a long bench and leave the other end a thousand or less finished pies, but this system is in use in all the large pie bakeries.

The baking force goes on duty at 10 o'clock at night. During the day girls have been paring and slicing apples and pumpkins, and the foreman has been spicing and sweetening the cooked fruit or mince, the custards and other prepared filling which have also been cooked by steam in large stone stew vats. When the bakers go on duty the filling is in place in front of the great dough board in tubs holding a half barrel each, and the stewed apples in full sized barrels. At one end of the bench is a great stack of flour, near which stands a pail of water into which a saucer of baking powder has been dumped. The dough mixer attacks this heap and makes in it a deep depression, into which the water is poured. The embankment of flour is rapidly turned into the water and stirred with the hands until a thick, pasty dough has been formed. This is shoveled along until a tall heap is formed at the mixer's right, and the kneader, a spry young fellow, working with an instrument resembling a plasterer's trowel, cuts off large masses and rolls them until the mixing is completed and then chops them into chunks of suitable size for forming bottom crusts. The men beyond roll the bottom crusts and place them in the pans, which are arranged in large wooden trays, hemped one upon another in stacks as tall as a man. The stacks of trays are then hauled to the filler by means of a hook inserted in a ring in the truck at the bottom.

The pies, whether 10,000 or 15,000 a night are baked, are all filled by one man. With a long handled cup similar to that used in dipping milk from a can he stands over a tub of stewed pumpkin, mince or custard and fills pies so rapidly that all of one man's time is required to bring the trays to his side and that of another to take them away. He works like an automaton, a filled pie resulting from every drop and rise of his two hands. Nearly a hundred pies a minute look like an impossibility, but he sends them to the men who put on the top crusts and the meringues at that rate for many minutes at a stretch. He has, by actual test, put half a barrel of mince meat into pies within ten minutes.

The filled pies go into the big wooden trays to the men who cover them with the top crust or who put the meringue on with a conical shaped canvas bag open at the smaller end, out of which they squeeze the frosting on the fancy pies. The fancy pies and the plain ones do not come together again until they meet in the delivery wagon about 5 o'clock in the morning.

The top crust pies go to the drawplate ovens and the pumpkins, custards, meringues and tarts to the older fashioned ovens, where they are handled with long, slender shovels. Out of the larger drawplate oven is pulled with a steel hook a plate of iron half an inch thick or more already heated. The thermometer in front of the oven shows a temperature of 550 degrees. As many pies as will lie on this plate—about 100 at a time—are placed on it and it is pushed into the oven. The hands of a dummy clock at the side are set to indicate the moment at which the baking will be finished. Another plate is then drawn out and filled, and the proceeding is repeated until the night's work is finished. The pies, after baking, go into wooden trays, as before, and are taken to the shipping room, where they are counted and loaded into the wagons for delivery.

About forty girls, boys and men fly this system produce from 10,000 to 15,000 pies a day. They use about fifteen barrels of flour, six to ten barrels of apples, nine or ten half barrels of mince meat, nearly as much stewed pumpkin and perhaps half as much each of other fruits and custards, a barrel or more of lard, about two barrels of sugar and large quantities of spices.

Contrary to all popular notions on the subject, the wholesale manufacture of pies in a modern establishment is thoroughly cleanly. Workmen are not allowed to enter the work rooms in their street attire, or to change their clothing there. The use of tobacco at all stages of the work is prohibited. Spitting on the floor or on or into anything else in the work rooms is expressly and emphatically forbidden. The walls are white, and the floors of concrete are dustless. Every scrap of anything that can soil is daily washed from the vessels used for filling, from the cooking vats, from the trays and from the benches, and they are all sterilized with steam or boiling water. The shortening, sweetening and spicing are carefully and accurately weighed in exact proportions. The baking is timed to a constant temperature, so that there is absolute uniformity, and all the mixing and flavoring, while done on a large scale, are so conducted as to insure a uniform quality.—New York Tribune.

His Attractiveness.

He—I can't understand how you should be so taken with Mr. Blakley. There is nothing striking about the man. He is just ordinary.

She—I know, but he is ordinary in such an extraordinary degree!—Boston Transcript.

Knew Her Dictionary.

"Was it exactly proper to call it a farewell tour?"

"Certainly," answered the prima donna. "I never fared better in my life."—Washington Star.

AN ABODE OF THE DEAD.

Not a Cemetery, but the Great British Museum.

To say that the British museum is a dead museum may sound like flat blasphemy to those old habitues of the institution to whom its atmosphere is almost the breath of their life and to whom its treasures of antiquity and art are certainly the nourishment of their minds and souls. But apart from this little band of devout worshipers at the shrine of learning the British museum seems to me quite dead—as dead as a door nail. I have been there many a time, and I went there again and walked through long and silent galleries peopled only by the gods of Egypt, India, China, of ancient Greece and Rome and thronged only by those wonderful works of sculpture wrought by cunning hands long crumbled into the dust of past ages, but whose spirit of beauty and reverence still lingers in these heroes and heroines of old renown.

In some of the rooms one may see a few nursemaids relieving the tedium of their daily walk through Bloomsbury by bringing their little charges to the museum, where they may amuse themselves and get material for bad dreams, while the nurses themselves have a quiet gossip.

In the holiday season also one may see troops of Americans passing swiftly through the galleries, "doing" the museum with wonderful dispatch and commenting with western levity upon the relics of ancient civilization and the bones of prehistoric men.

But the Londoner does not come. The time that he can spare from lunch hour he devotes to a walk up Cheapside, the Strand or Holborn, "to look at the shops." The day's work done, he takes the first train home. On a Saturday afternoon he prefers a matinee, a game of tennis or cricket or a few hours on the river. I do not blame him altogether, but the fact remains that the British museum is to him an abode of the dead, which he regards with the same repugnance as a tomb.—Philip Gibbs in London Mail.

FARMER IN WINTER TIME.

Steady Jobs Are Feeding the Stock and Keeping Warm.

The great steady winter jobs on an American farm in the north nowadays are feeding the stock and keeping warm. And keeping warm nowadays means hauling fuel. When I lived in the country it meant cutting wood. It meant for one large family consisting day after day from the woods to the wood yard and a wood pile that must have covered a quarter of an acre. It meant forward spring the coming of men with a horse power and buzz saw to cut firewood, and that was almost as interesting an operation as threshing.

There were other stirring days when the lake had frozen hard and the ice house was filled, involving ice cutting and more teaming and more precarious pitching on behind loads and going back in empties. And early in the winter there was the momentous and gory killing of pigs. Oh, that was indeed a stirring time! They kill a pig every second, no doubt, in Chicago nowadays, but that is mere mechanical routine, with no quality of sport in it.

There was nothing so very slow about the country winter in days as making as a domestic industry is as dead as household spinning. In those times of wood fires and wood ashes all self respecting families made soap. Our family had an outstanding kitchen expressly for that use, with a big cistern-like hogshead behind it in which ashes were leached and convenient tubs for holding the soft soap. A very handsome substance is soft soap of the proper consistency and complexion, and a pleasing exercise it used to be for the young to stir it with a stick and watch its undulations. All the superfluous fat of meat from our kitchen was turned into soft soap in those near-by old times.—Harper's Magazine.

The Badger's Digging Ability.

The sportsman naturalist, St. John, one day found a badger in a trap not much injured. Tying a rope to its hind leg, he drove the animal home—strange to say, the captive beast jogging steadily along in front of him and giving little more trouble than a pig going to market. On reaching home the animal was put for the night into a paved court, where it seemed perfectly secure. "Next morning," said St. John, "he was gone, having displaced a stone that I thought him quite incapable of moving, and then, digging under the wall, he got away."

The Bitter Truth.

Husband (looking up from a book)—Do you know what I would have done if I had been Napoleon Bonaparte?

Wife—Yes, I know. You would have settled down in Corsica and spent your life grumbling about bad luck and hard times.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1903,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

All the defendant's interest (supposed to be one-half) in all the petroleum, rock or carbon oil and, gas on in and under those certain lots of land situate in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, to-wit: The west 25 acres of Keating Lot No. 94 as described in a deed of Keating Lot No. 94 as described in a deed by the heirs at law of Sophia Zimmer, deceased, to C. Y. White, L. Durbin and Geo. R. McKinney, dated March 24th, 1884, and recorded in McKean County Deed Book No. 23, page 198.

Also, the south 25 acres of Keating Lot No. 97, the whole of Keating Lot No. 300, containing 25 acres, and a 4 1-10 acres of the north part of Keating Lot No. 51 as more fully described in a deed by the heirs at law of Frederick Zimmer deceased, dated March 24th, 1884, to C. Y. White, L. Durbin and Geo. R. McKinney, and recorded in McKean County Deed Book No. 24, page 199, together with ten oil wells located on the above described parts of Lots Nos. 97 and 114, with four standing derricks, one boiler house and one boiler, two steam engines of from 12 to 15 horse power, six oil tanks and all tubing, casing, pumping outfits, oil pipes, gas and steam lines connected with the said ten oil wells as well as all fixtures and appurtenances connected therewith and belonging thereto, and situate on said land.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Thomas, at the suit of Mrs. A. Dodge, otherwise known as Barbara Dodge now by substitution, E. Barbara Dodge now by substitution, E. Cook, executor of the estate of Barbara Dodge, deceased.

E. E. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

All that certain leasehold estate situate in the Township of Eldred, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of Lot No. 91 of Keating allotment of land conveyed to Arthur Young; thence south one hundred and forty-seven rods to a post the northwest corner of lot No. 92 belonging to E. Moody; thence east 3 rods to a post the Township; thence S. 16 rods to a post the northeast corner of lot No. 6 Keating Township; thence west 38 rods to a post corner; thence north 203 rods to a beech corner and the south line of said lot No. 91; thence east fifty rods to the place of beginning. Containing 66 2-10 acres, more or less. Being lots numbered 1864 and 256 Keating and Co.'s survey, Eldred Township and part of Warrants 2287 and 2068, and being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from D. G. Young and G. R. Young to Fred A. Boylan, dated September 25th, 1900, and recorded in McKean County records in Deed Book 116, pages 140 and 141. Together with two oil wells, two wood rigs, one engine, about seven hundred feet of casing, about 2000 feet of tubing with tanks, lead lines, connections, fittings, rods, tools, &c., to the said leasehold and wells belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Also all that certain other leasehold estate situate in Eldred Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by lands of O. A. Cory, on the east by lands of Moody and D. Windsor and the Moody Hollow road, on the south by lands of O. A. Graves and D. C. Young, and on the west by lands of O. A. Cryes. Containing seventy-four acres, more or less. Being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from L. S. Beebe to the Cyclone Oil Company, first parties hereto, dated April 26th, 1899, and recorded in McKean County Records in Deed Book 112, at page 146, &c. Together with two oil wells, two wood rigs, about 700 feet of casing, about 1800 feet of tubing and rods, one engine, 1.35 H. P. boiler, 2 tanks, 1 gate valve, 1 packer, all fittings, connections &c., thereon and thereunto belonging.

Also all that certain leasehold estate situate in Eldred Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot and running thence south by land of L. S. Beebe and west by lands of E. J. Moody, and on the south by lands of Gilbert Moody, and on the west by lands of Gilbert Moody, containing sixty-five acres, more or less, and being the same leasehold estate created and granted by lease from L. S. Beebe to the Cyclone Oil Company dated April 26th, 1899, and recorded in the McKean County Records in Deed Book 112, at page 146, &c. Together with one gas well complete and one gather with one gas well complete, two wood rigs, 950 feet of bill well casing complete, two wood rigs, 950 feet of sucker rods, 1800 feet of tubing, 1750 feet of suction casing, 1800 feet of drive feet with fittings, connections, tools, machinery, &c., on the said leasehold estate and to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Also also all that certain leasehold estate situate in Eldred township aforesaid